Miss America

K

OCTOBER

10¢

Do You Rate a Date?

By JEAN GOODMAN
MISS AMERICA'S FAMOUS ROMANCE COUNSELOR

"Highland Honey

$6.95

A dress that will capture fashion honors on any campus! Brightly buttoned and crisply tailored of fine Rayon Serge in vivid autumn tones, with a dash of harmonizing plaid. Has winged cuff, shirtwaist sleeves, huge patch pockets and a trim little removable collar of White Pique. Colors: Grey, Green or Red, with harmonizing Clan Plaids. Sizes 9 to 17.

Dixie Shops 275 SEVENTH AVE., N.Y.

SEND NO MONEY!

DIXIE SHOPS . . . 275 Seventh Ave., New York 1, N. Y. . . . Dept. MA2

Send me the "Highland Honey" Dress. On arrival I'll pay the postman $6.95 plus postage.

SIZE—9☐ 11☐ 13☐ 15☐ 17☐

Indicate 1st and 2nd color choice

Grey☐ Green☐ Red☐

NAME____________________
(Print)

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________ STATE__________

MONEY BACK GUARANTEED IF RETURNED IN 10 DAYS.

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Are you in the know?

To dramatize your eyes, should you—

- ☐ *Keep 'em rolling*
- ☐ *Bead your lashes*
- ☐ *Dodge dark lipstick*

You needn't go theatrical to get him to notice those glimmers. Come-hither glances may scare him off. (Likewise, "movie" lashes.) A subtler trick is to dodge dark lipstick. Paler shades are right for you . . . tend to add size to your eyes. And speaking of size . . . did you know Kotex (and *only* Kotex) comes in *3 sizes?* So when you choose from Regular, Junior and Super Kotex you're sure of having a napkin that's exactly right for *you*.

Which can help you land the job?

- ☐ *Your grooming*
- ☐ *Your manner*
- ☐ *Your voice*

Pipsqueaks and Timid Tillies don't score with the personnel department. But shyness and a tense voice needn't plague you — if you're sure you look smooth. That's one reason why good grooming is vital. (Especially in that first interview.) It's a prop for your poise. On trying days, let Kotex help, because Kotex coddles you with comfort; softness that doesn't desert you. Kotex is made to *stay soft while you wear it*, so you can take poise for granted!

Would a well bred week-end guest—

- ☐ *Expect to be waited on*
- ☐ *Help with the housework*
- ☐ *Leave it to her hostess*

A guest is supposed to relax, you may say . . . so why lift your lily-white hand? One thing is certain: When visiting at "those" times, you can relax about sanitary protection worries. For with that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex, you get *extra* protection. You're *chafe-free.* Really comfortable. You can breeze through your share of those household chores. Then why not be helpful? The considerate guest goes places . . . more often!

To rate, must your date be—

- ☐ *A big-time spender*
- ☐ *A joe with a jalopy*
- ☐ *Just a grand guy*

Would you only date a big wallet deal — or only a character who can chauffeur you around? Too bad to be labelled a snob-sister. Lads like to rate for themselves alone. A really charming girl is sincere. Self-assured, too . . . and when you go dating at certain times, remember those *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. What's more, that Kotex Sanitary Belt keeps you oh-so-comfortable. Yes! Because it's all-elastic, adjustable — lets you bend without binding.

3 guesses what girls forget most!

- ☐ *Remove makeup at bedtime*
- ☐ *Repair chipped nail polish*
- ☐ *Buy a new sanitary belt*

Could be you *do* keep your nails neat . . . and your face scrubbed, at curfew. Yet, like most girls, chances are you forget to buy a new sanitary belt . . . keep putting it off until "next time." But to get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, *now's* the time to buy a new *Kotex* Sanitary Belt!

You see—the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. Yes, a *Kotex* Belt gives you snug, comfortable fit. It's adjustable . . . all-elastic . . . non-binding!

Kotex Sanitary Belt

Ask for it by name

KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS
KOTEX

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Miss America

CONTENTS

FICTION

PAGE
That Ring Is Mine 6
The Doll 26
Midge Muddles Thru . . . 44

FASHIONS AND BEAUTY

Stitchin' Time 39
Fashioned For You 42

CONTESTS

Miss America Speaks . . . 5

COMICS

Patsy Walker 11
"What's in a Vase"
Patsy Walker 31
"The Male from Yale"

FEATURES

For Girls Only 10
Hello, Girls 19
Do You Rate a Date . . . 20
Hollywood's Younger Set . . 22
Teen Teasers 24
Grins for Gals 30
Dear Betty Ann 40
Fun With Food 48

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RETURN AND FORWARDING POSTAGE GUARANTEED.

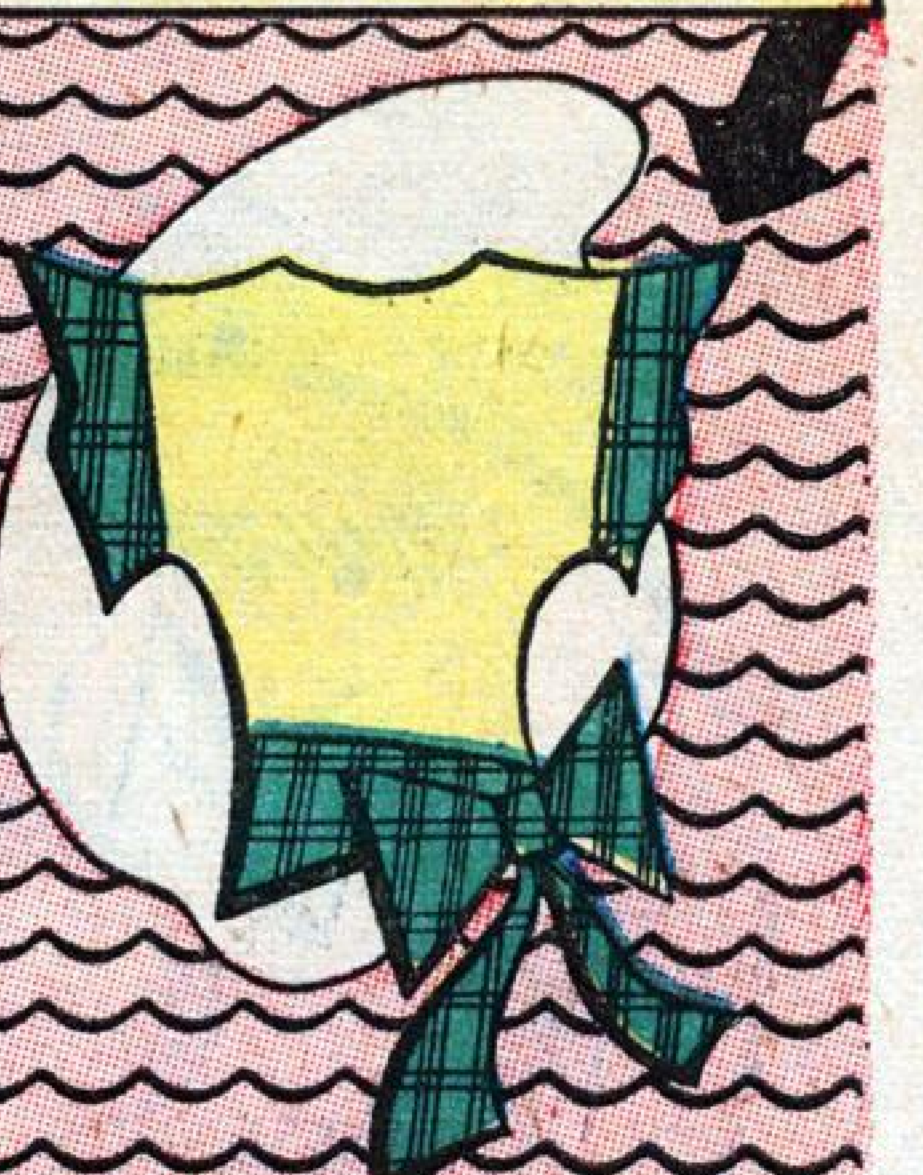
Miss America Speaks...

Prize possessions from the teen bag of tricks... Send in one of your own and get $1. for it!

BLOUSE BLUES? . . .

"If you girls have any blouses with sleeves that are torn or irreparable, cut them off completely and add about four inches of matching plaid material around the armhole. Then gather it so as to make it fluff up. If you have some cloth left over, you might easily make an attractive sash to match the sleeves . . . and presto, a new blouse!"

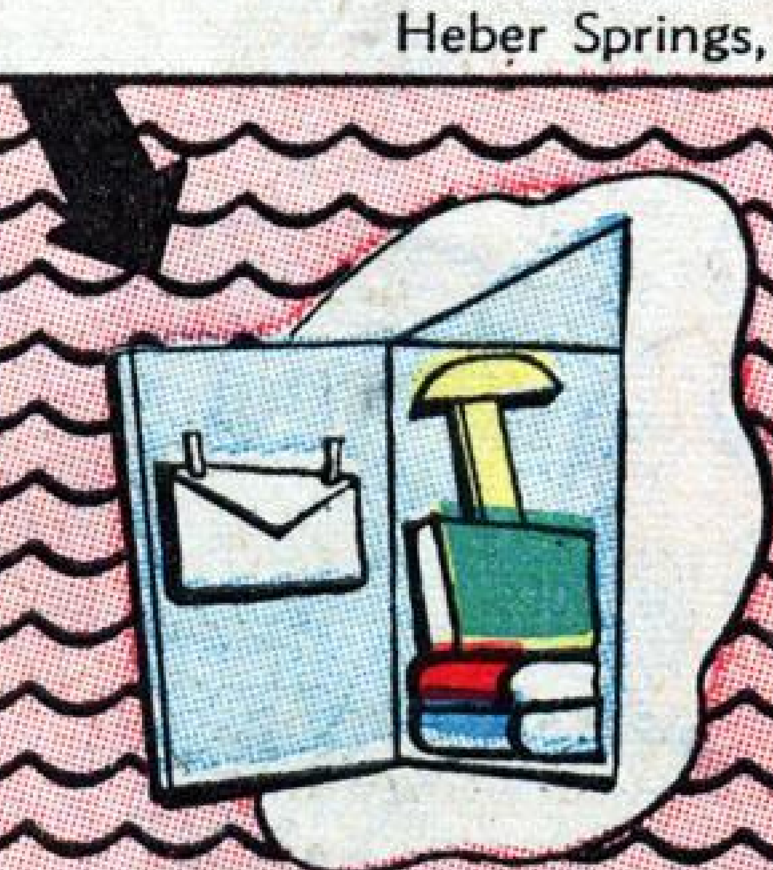
MARGUERITE GUILIANO
Hartford, Conn.



LIMBER UP THE LOCKER . . .

Here's a suggestion to speed up that last-minute, helter-skelter rush to beat the bell. "For the loose pencils, erasers, paper, clips, change, etc., that are cluttering up your school locker, why not paste a large envelope on the inside door? If plain ordinary glue won't take, how about some Scotch Tape pasted neatly round the edges. You might even keep a mirror handy in the envelope, as well."

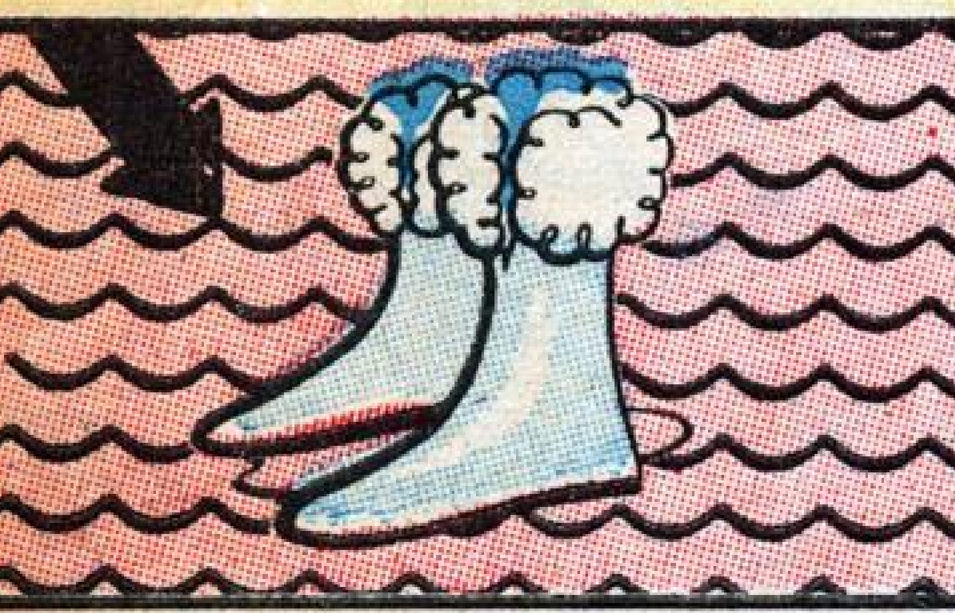
MAUREEN SNEED
Heber Springs, Ark.



FUR-BELOWS . . .

Now that winter's right around the corner with rain, snow and chafing legs due, here's a suggestion to trim up your boots. "If you have an old fur coat or some other fur article that isn't of much use anymore, you might cut off a strip to size and sew it round the top of your boots. It will make them more attractive, as well as more comfortable."

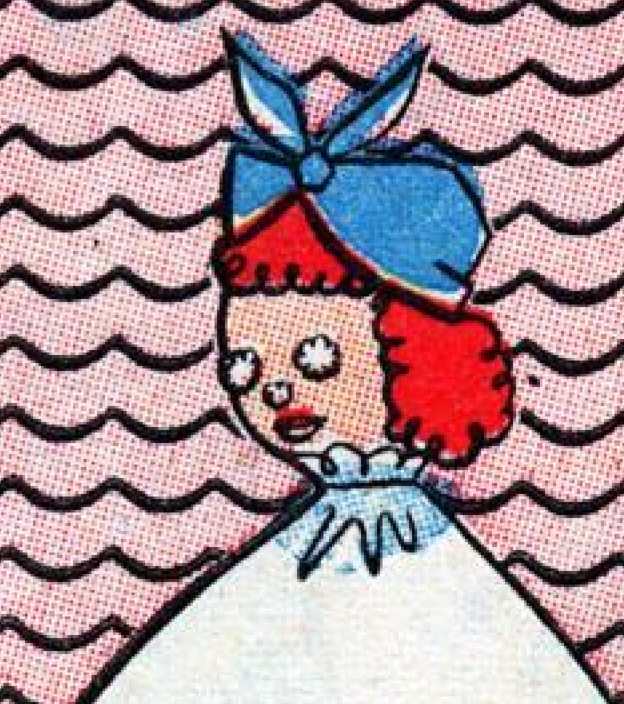
EVELYN McCULLAGH
Rahway, N. J.



AUSTRALIAN AHHHH's . . .

"I wish to express my appreciation for your magazine. I have received many copies from a pen pal in Oregon. The fashion page, the film star page and the Patsy Walker comic strip are all very interesting. The magazine also is read by other members of the family who are not teen-agers. Next year I shall be leaving my teens behind me. But I am sure I still will enjoy reading 'Miss America'."

JESSICA PATTERSON
N. Queensland, Australia

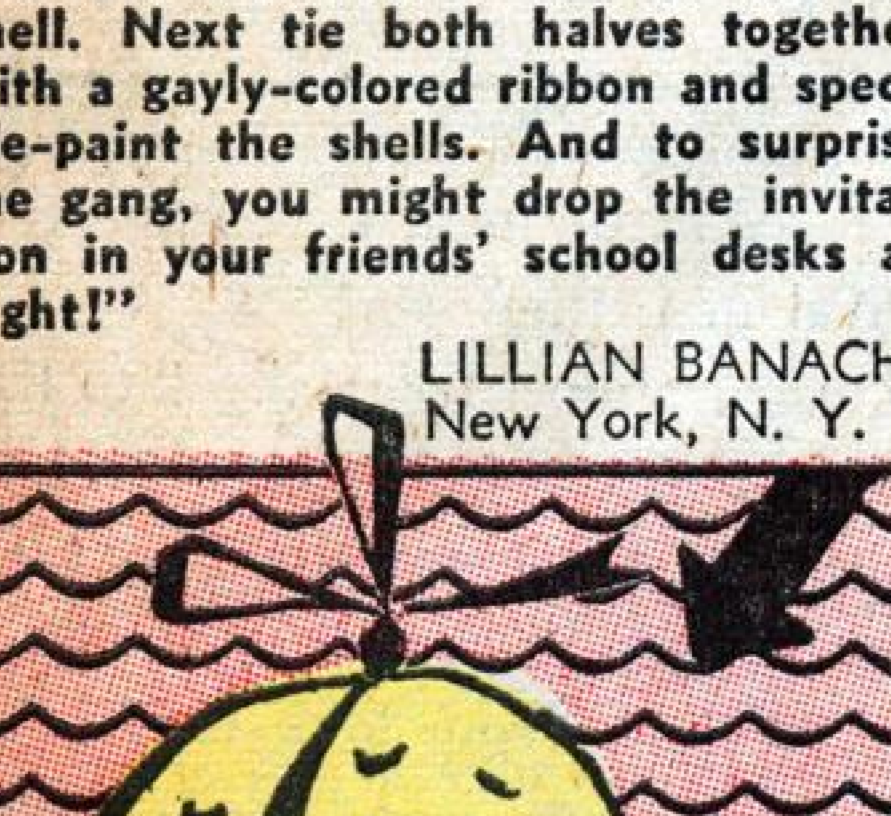


AW, NUTS . . .

For something different in a party invitation, "break a walnut shell in half and clean out the meat. Write your invitation on a tiny scrap of paper and fold it so that it will fit into the shell. Next tie both halves together with a gayly-colored ribbon and speckle-paint the shells. And to surprise the gang, you might drop the invitation in your friends' school desks at night!"

LILLIAN BANACH
New York, N. Y.

MISS AMERICA



DOOR STOP DORA . . .

"Need a door stop? Just take a large soft drink bottle and fill it with sand. Then take a black stocking and make a head form, filling it with cotton for stuffing and using white cotton for eyes and nose, red for the mouth. Next take some scraps of cloth to make a dress, dust cap and apron. Fit altogether on doll and set before your door."

ROSEMARY DOYLE
Caledonia, Ohio

that ring is MINE!

By

JULIETTE MARCELLE

WOULD MARTHA STILL BE MAD ABOUT HER RING AND ABOUT TED, THE BOY WHO GAVE IT TO HER, WHEN SHE HEARD THAT TED HAD STOLEN IT???

Illustrated by
Christopher Rule

"THAT'S my ring Martha Smith is wearing. I recognize the three dents in it. It disappeared a year ago at a carnival in Centertown!"

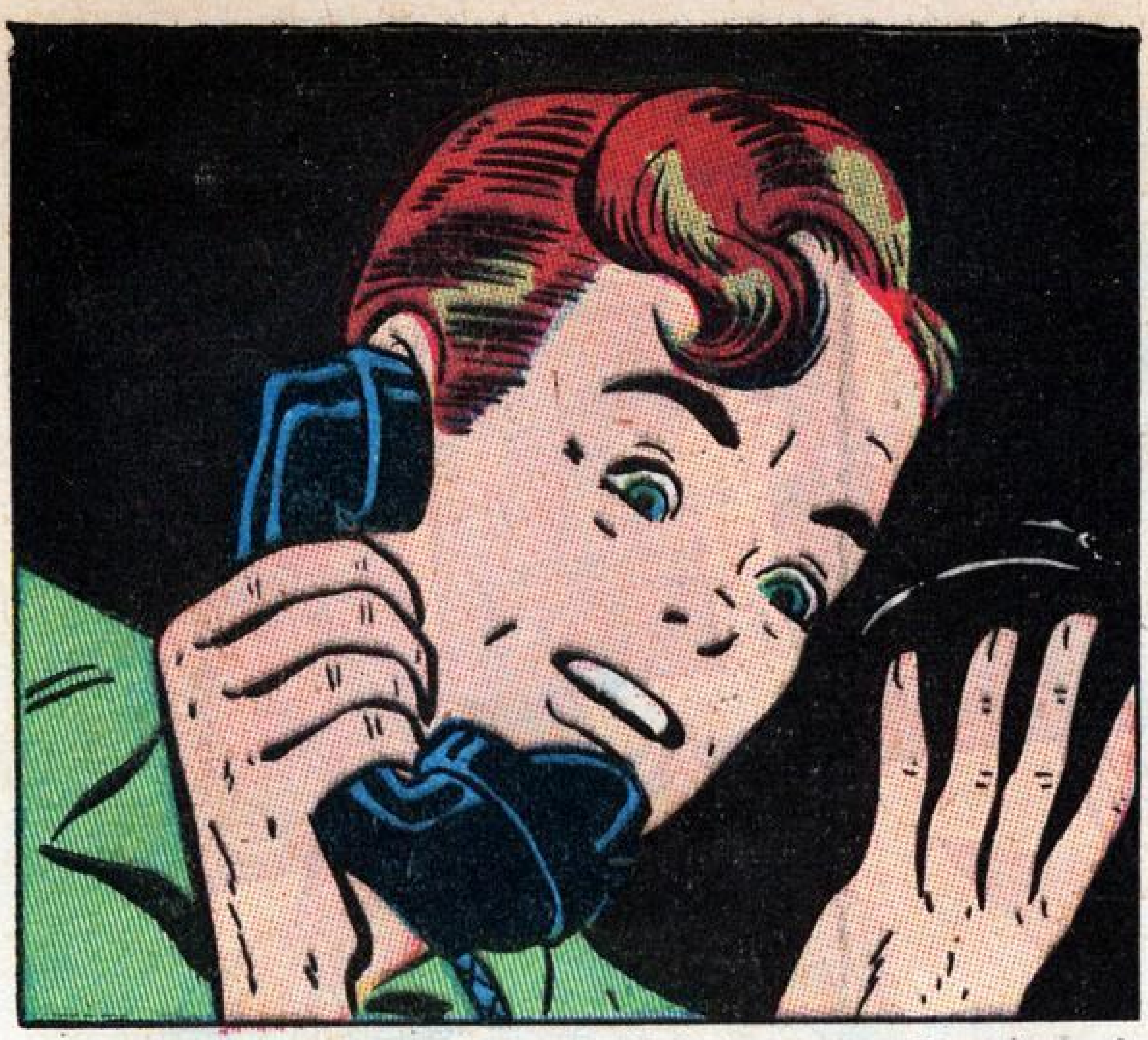
Those words had burned almost tragically into the heart of Martha who, as a guest of her cousin Lucy Smith, had been visiting Oakdale for the first time and had attended a party Lucy had given in Martha's honor. Oakdale was 100 miles from Centertown.

Martha, proud and loyal, had defied Helen Lang who claimed ownership of the ring. That ring had been given to Martha by Ted Wilson as a secret pact of friendship. He had asked her to wear it in memory of him while he went to Montana for the summer to work on his uncle's ranch. It was *not* an out and out gift because Martha knew it belonged to his family—but it was an honor to wear it for him while he was away. Such had been the custom in Martha's Centertown circle for a long time, where rings and class pins were emblems of friendship. Whenever a fellow had to leave town for a while, he left an emblem of good-fellowship, as a sort of representative during his absence.

Thus, being accused of wearing a "lost or stolen" ring was not an insult to Martha alone, but to Ted Wilson—and Martha would defend Ted to the last!

That was why, on the morning after the party, Martha was indignant while talking to Lucy's mother. "How dare Helen Lang say such a thing," insisted Martha. "Perhaps it *does* look like her ring. There are millions of rings that look alike, but to practically accuse me of wearing a stolen ring is going a bit too far."

"Martha dear," interrupted Mrs. Smith, "as your aunt, I wouldn't let anybody insult you. But Helen is an impulsive girl. She didn't mean to imply that you stole it. You might have bought it in good faith. Helen was excited because she recognized it and believed it was hers. The whole matter can be straightened out if you will only tell us where you got it."



Martha shook her head. "It's a secret. But it isn't lost or stolen."

"But suppose when Helen and her mother come today, they prove it *is* her ring? Then you'll *have* to tell where you got it. Don't you realize they could call in the police if they wanted to be mean?"

"Police!" gasped Martha. "They can't do that."

"Oh, yes they can," responded the aunt, seriously. "Once Helen can prove it is her ring, you will *have* to explain or stand accused of finding it, and not reporting it."

"What do you mean by that . . . reporting it?" asked Martha.

"Why the law says, that if you find valuable property you must report it to the police. Then if it isn't claimed in six months, the property reverts to the finder. But you must have the police approval in order to claim ownership."

Martha shook her head. "But the person who owns the ring has had it for years. I'm sure of that . . . honest I am, Aunt Marie."

Aunt Marie walked over to the window. "We can't be sure of anything in this life. Mrs. Lang will be here any minute now, and I beg you to tell the whole story."

Martha bit her lip. She couldn't reveal a secret. And when Ted had given her that ring he'd said . . . "Our secret." And then he had mentioned something about the Knights of the Round Table, his high school pass-word for the pledge of silence and respect to ladies. Martha had said: "I promise, Sir Lancelot," and she had wished Ted good luck on his journey.

Therefore, to reveal that Ted had given her that ring, would be like dishonor to a vow . . . a vow of friendship and silence. And Ted was a Knight in his own way and of modern times. Any ring that he might ask his "Lady" to wear, would have no stigma associated with it. Of that, Martha was sure.

"Are you going to tell where you got it?" repeated her Aunt.

Martha shook her head. "Let them identify it, *positively* if they can. I don't think they can. The three dents don't mean anything."

But the three dents *did*. Twenty-minutes later Mrs. Lang with Helen and a local jeweler, came to the house. They were friendly enough. Helen was not as impulsive as she had been at the party the night before. Her greeting to Martha was: "I'm sorry, Martha to cause you so much trouble, but I know you would do just as I have done if you loved a ring as I did, and lost it. I am sure whoever sold you the ring will admit that she found it."

Martha didn't reply. She looked at the man who asked to see the ring. Martha let him, when her Aunt explained that this was Mr. Johnson, the jeweler who had sold a ring to Helen two years ago. He examined the ring carefully. Then he handed it back to Martha and said to Mrs. Lang: "Yes, this is the *same* ring I sold to you and your daughter. I can positively identify it."

Martha was bewildered. There *must* be some mistake. No . . . her faith in Ted could not be shaken even by a master jeweler. If such a thing were possible, that this *was* Helen's ring—then Ted had been fooled by someone. After all, he had not said it was a family ring, but she had just gotten that impression because Ted seemed so proud of it.

What could she do? Ted was a long distance away on the Wilson Ranch in Buffalo, Montana.

Suddenly an inspiration struck her . . . as though Ted himself had whispered. "Why not call up the Wilson Ranch by long distance?" After all, this was a serious matter. Martha *couldn't* hand back the ring, even if the jeweler insisted. It wasn't her property . . . she was merely the protector of the ring . . . and besides, she couldn't drag Ted's name into this. She just *had* to talk to him!

She turned to her aunt with great confidence. "Aunt Marie, this is a matter of honor. May I make a long distance call . . . and alone? Please—I don't want anyone to listen."

The aunt must have read determination on Martha's face. So after a slight hesitation she replied, "Certainly, Martha—take the phone upstairs. I promise no one will listen in down here."

Martha walked upstairs calmly as she tried to gather her wits and figure just what she would say. Meanwhile Aunt Marie asked the visitors to have a glass of lemonade; but there was apprehension on all faces, trying to wonder what this was all about. A long distance call? Martha could not be calling Centertown, for that wouldn't exactly be long distance.

. . . Ten minutes later Martha came downstairs slowly but with the self-control and dignity one might expect from a Princess who was proud and unflinching in the face of attack and apparent defeat. Once more Martha spoke to her aunt with confidence. "I have one more favor, and I believe this whole matter can be adjusted satisfactorily to all."

"What is that?" asked Aunt Marie.

"That we all drive to Centertown at once. Mr. Johnson need not go . . . just the four of us."

Aunt Marie tried to get some explanation, but Martha insisted she could not explain until they visited someone in Centertown.

"Very well," said the aunt. "I am taking you at your word that the matter will be settled in the interest of justice, and satisfactorily to Mrs. Lang and Helen."

"Yes," promised Martha, still with her head high and her heart holding fast to a secret.

The trip did not take as long as Martha had believed. She forced herself and the others to talk of everything but the ring. Finally as they were entering the outskirts of Centertown, Aunt Marie asked, "Shall I drive to your home Martha?"

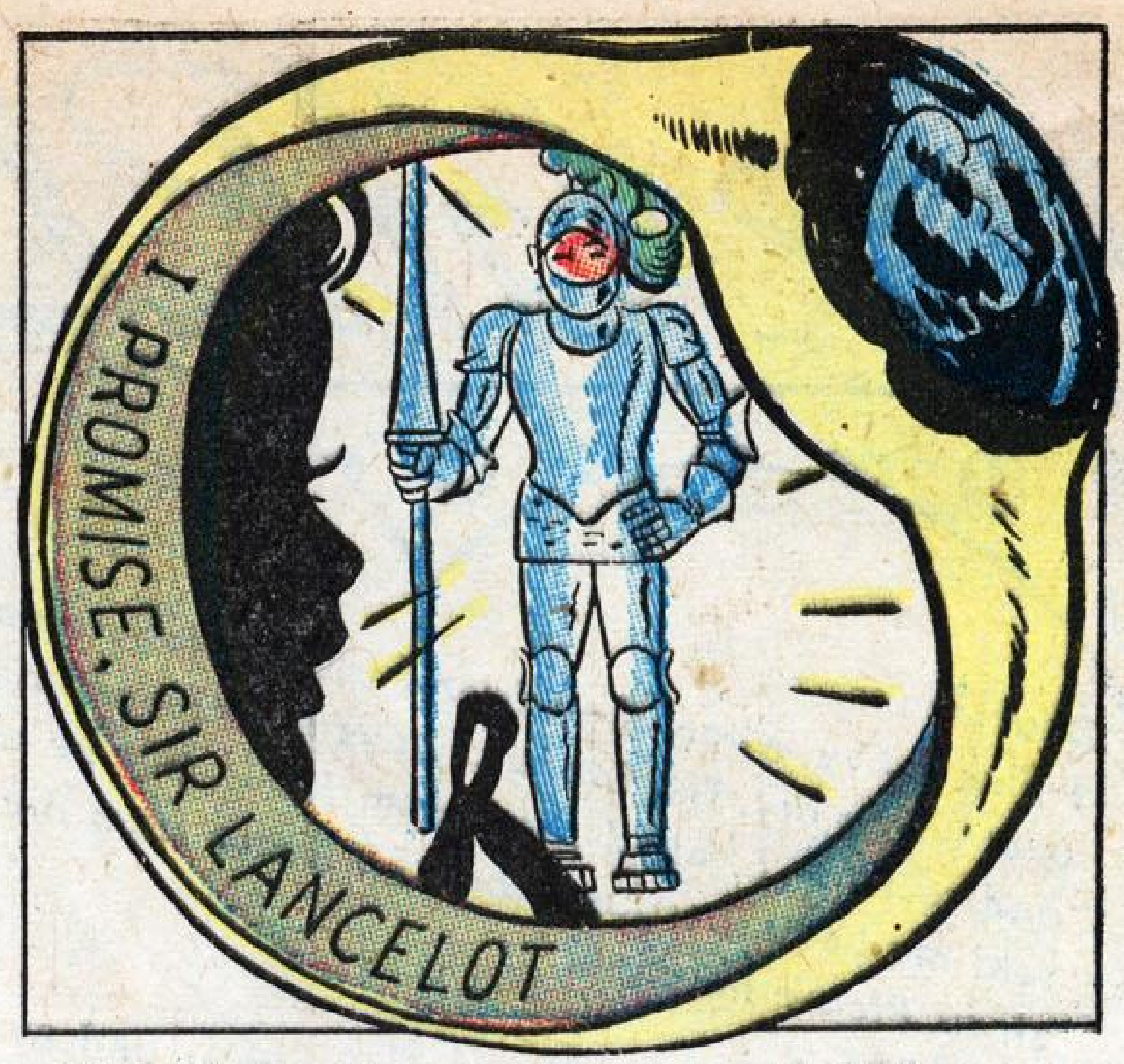
"No, we have to see some very important man first."

"A man?" exclaimed Aunt Marie. "Who?"

Martha, still sitting straight, and her face firm, said, "The Chief of Police."

Mrs. Lang and Helen were as surprised as Aunt Marie, but gradually a smile seemed to come to Aunt Marie's face as she headed toward the City Hall.

The Chief of Police was at his desk. He knew Martha, but she didn't go into any lengthy explanation. She just handed him the ring and asked, "Do you remember this ring?"



He looked at it a moment and said, "Why, yes—isn't this the ring we gave Wilson about a year ago?"

"Yes," admitted Martha. "And will you please explain the particulars and tell these people whom this ring belongs to?"

The Chief of Police spoke quickly and briefly. "About a year ago we had a wave of jewelry robberies hereabouts. Teddie Wilson started us on the right track by reporting as 'suspicious' an old-time carnival barker who was hanging around the high school afternoons trying to pawn bracelets and stuff. The 'suspicious' character turned out to be the 'fence' for one of the biggest jewelry gangs we've had in the history of the state. So we rewarded Ted for his good work by giving him the ring you have here, since it was among the loot which proved totally un-traceable."

Flooded with pride that her faith in Ted had been indisputably re-affirmed, Martha explained to her aunt, "You see, Ted asked me to wear this ring while he was away. It was a secret of course, and I couldn't betray a confidence. I was *sure* he was the rightful owner, even though I had believed it was a family ring. Ted explained it all over the phone."

At that, everybody relaxed. "And," Martha continued, "since Ted also deputized me to turn over the ring to its rightful owner, it's yours, Helen." She held out her hand with the ring sparkling up from the palm. "Wear it in the best of health."

It was then that Aunt Marie called Martha aside, kissed her and said, "If there were any such thing in this day and age as 'knighting', I should make you a 'Lady of the Round Table'. But since there's not, how would you feel about a two-week vacation on that ranch where your 'Lancelot' is working?"

Martha's eyes shone unbelievingly.

Aunt Marie continued, "I'll see that the way is paved . . . and paid."

THE END

FOR GIRLS ONLY!

NO PROBLEM IS TOO DIFFICULT FOR MISS AMERICA'S FAMOUS LOVE-COUNSELOR TO SOLVE!

Dear Jean:
I like a boy whose boy friend always tags along whenever we go out. The friend always is extremely rude to me, and recently I called him down for it. But he apparently told my beau, because I haven't heard from the boy I like since. Please help me.

Betty.

Dear Betty:
This is a problem you will meet over and over again as you grow older. Many girls can't understand the bonds which tie men to men—largely bonds of friendship and comradeship, having the same things to talk about, the same likes and dislikes. In all probability your boy friend's friend was hurt by the sudden lessening of companionship. Why don't you try winning him over as a pal—the way you would make a pal of any girl.

Love,
Jean.

Dear Jean:
Do boys and girls like a person who is the life of the party? I sometimes wonder. I laugh and talk at a party, but everybody else just stares at me as if I were crazy. Should I be dull, too?

Louise.

Dear Louise:
Perhaps you're confusing the "life of the party" with gushiness. I think you'll find that everybody likes somebody who is truly "fun", but a person who kids around at the expense of others, or just talks for the sake of talking, will soon end up an outcast. Why not take an accounting? Are you really the life of the party, or just a talkative annoyance?

Love,
Jean.

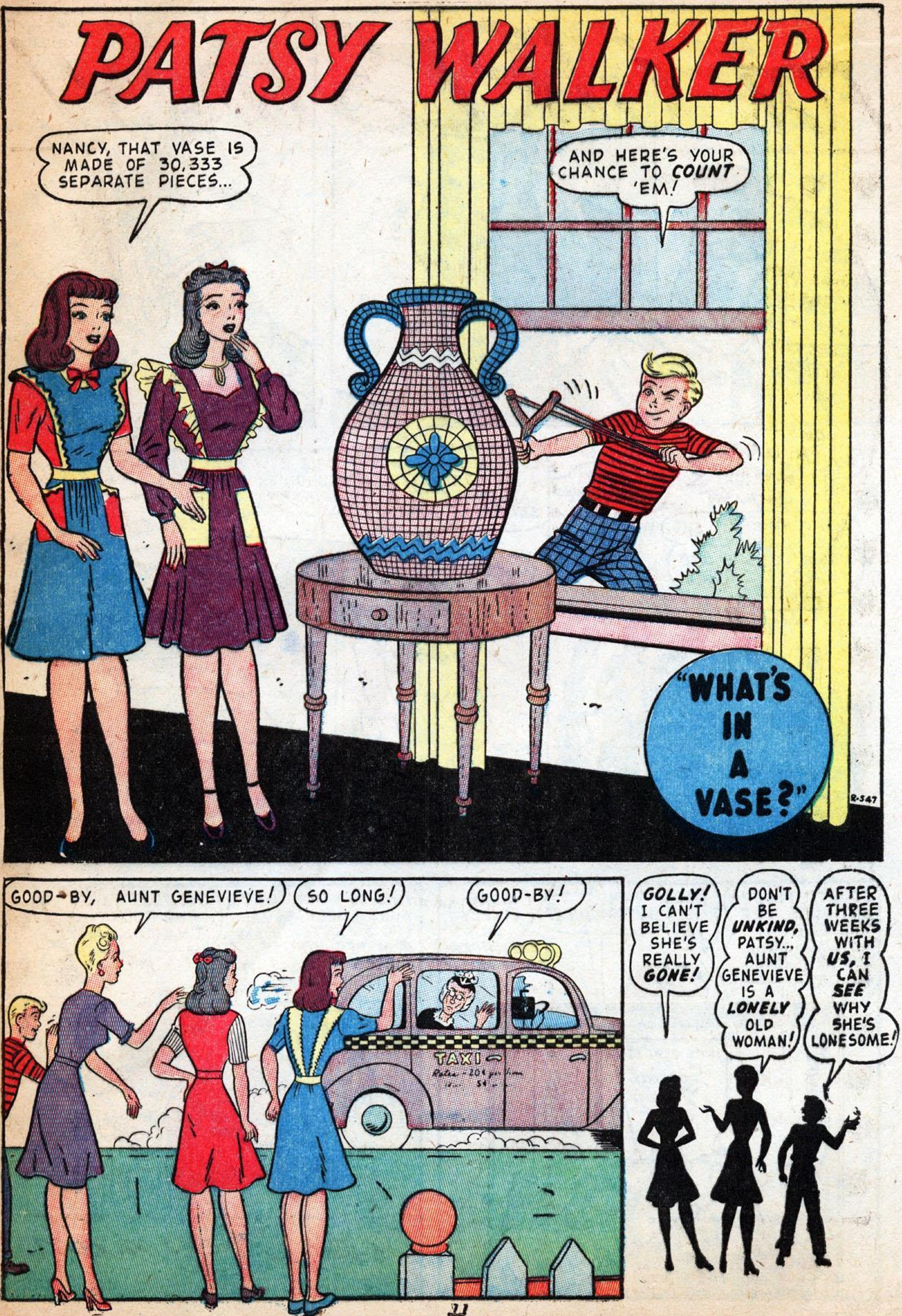
Dear Jean:
I am 13 and I like a boy in my school. I wish he could call for me at home, instead of meeting me on corners, but I don't know how to tell my mother—who comes from Europe and is rather old—about this.

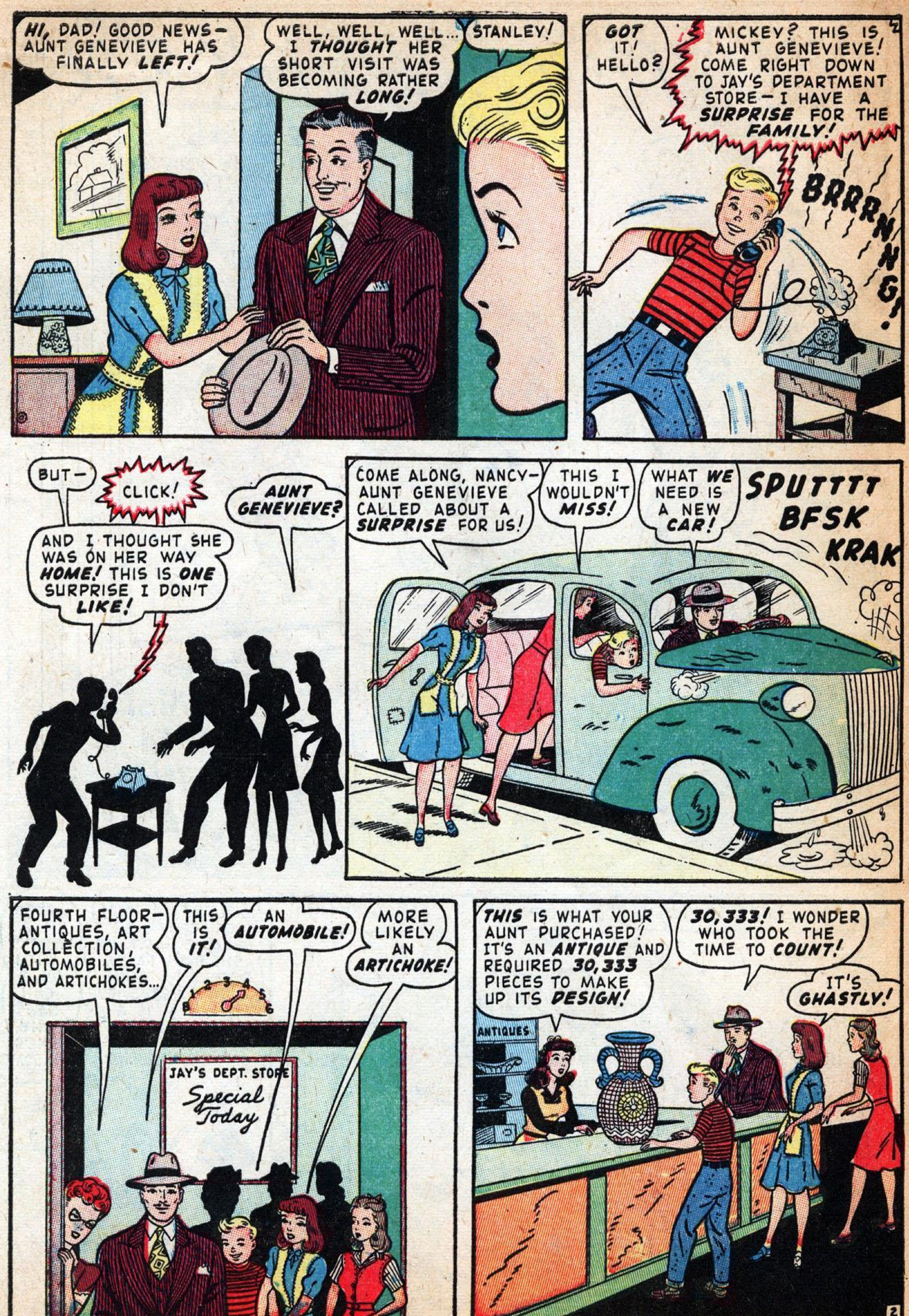
Jean.

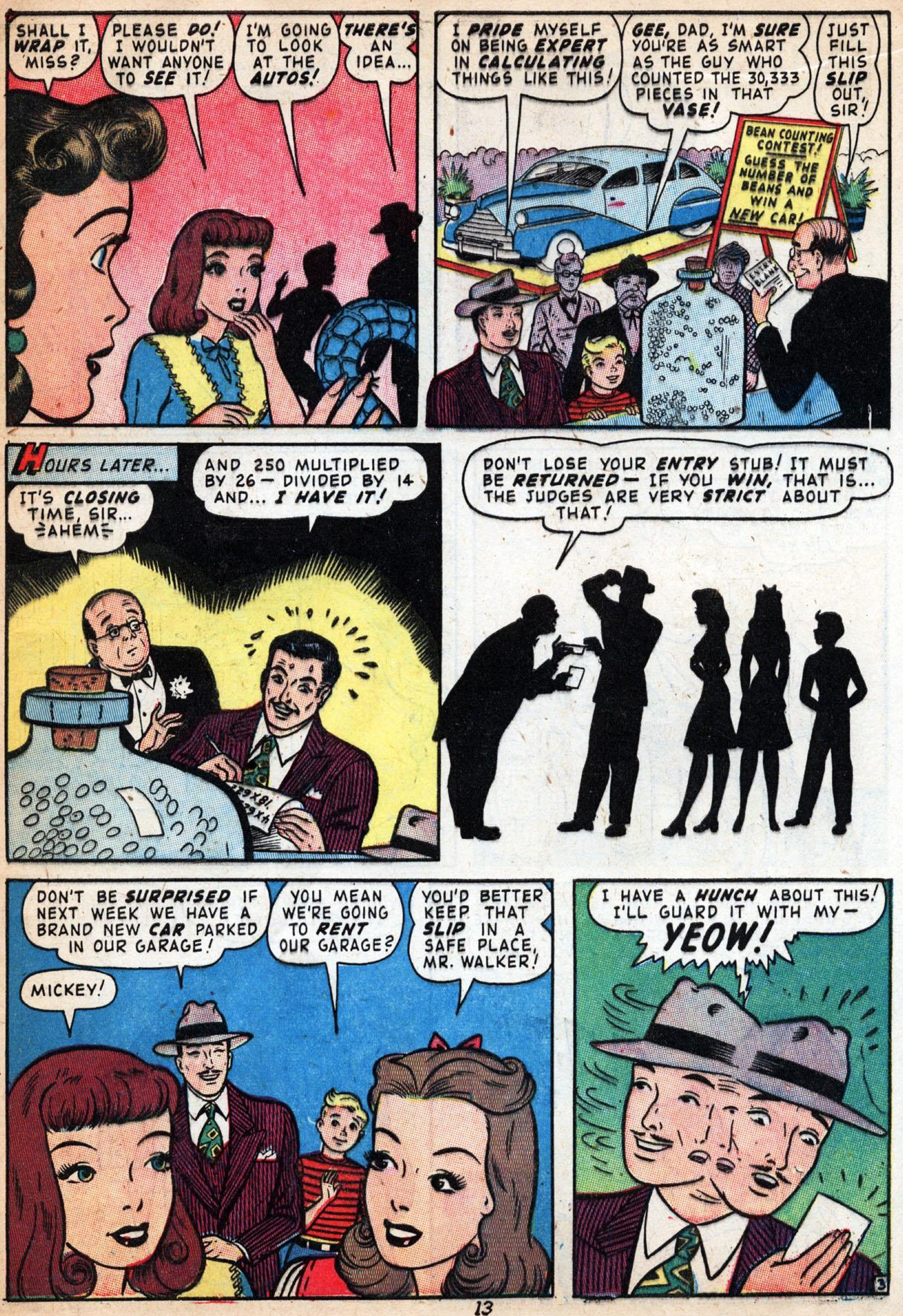
Dear Jean:
Are you giving your mother a chance? Though she may come from "the old country" and may be a little older than average, I'm sure the two of you can get together to hash the problem out. Of course a lot depends on whether you're big enough to meet her half-way. After all, remember even your mother once was a girl like yourself with just about the same kind of problems—even though they may have been a couple of thousand odd miles away.

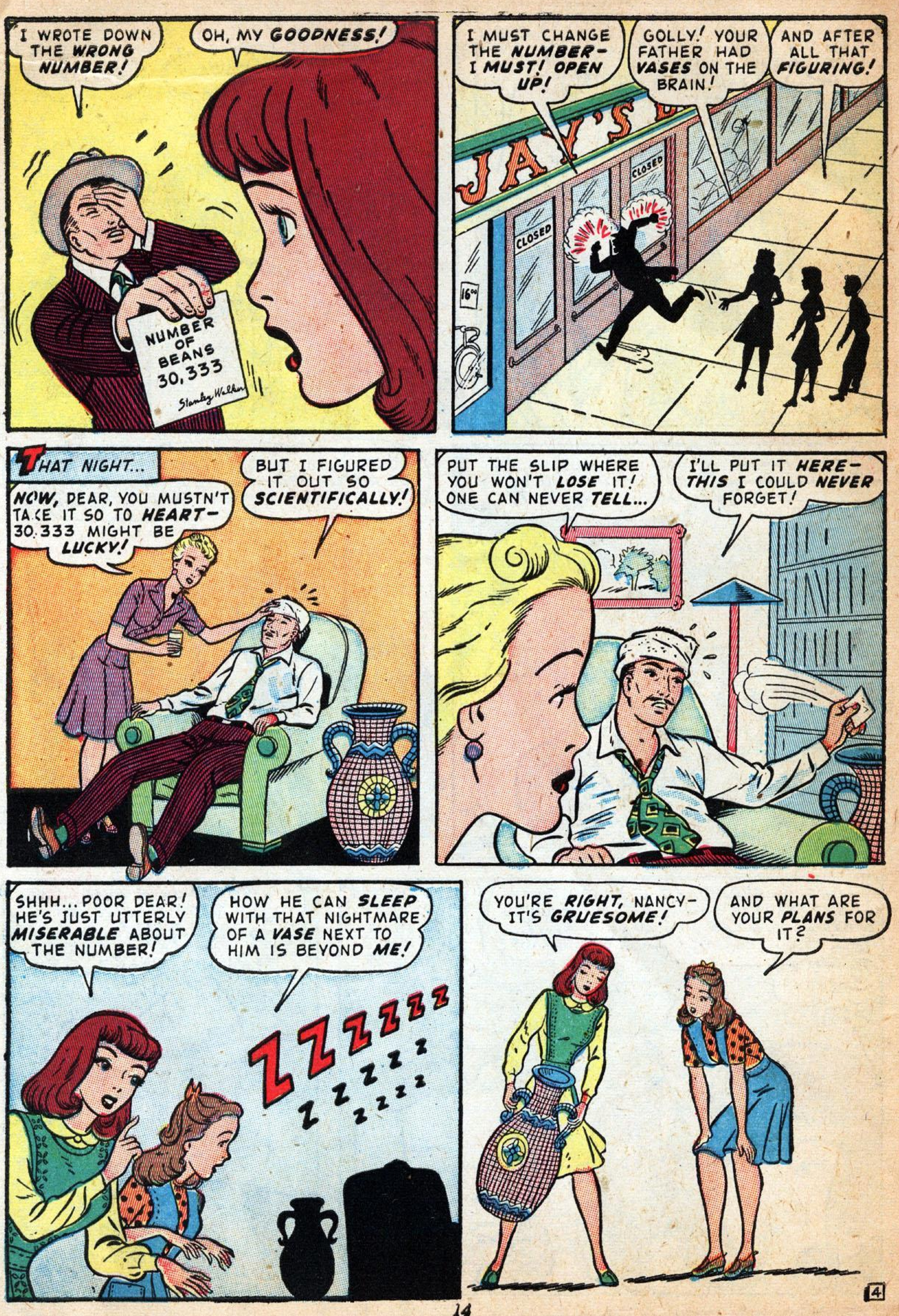
Love,
Jean.

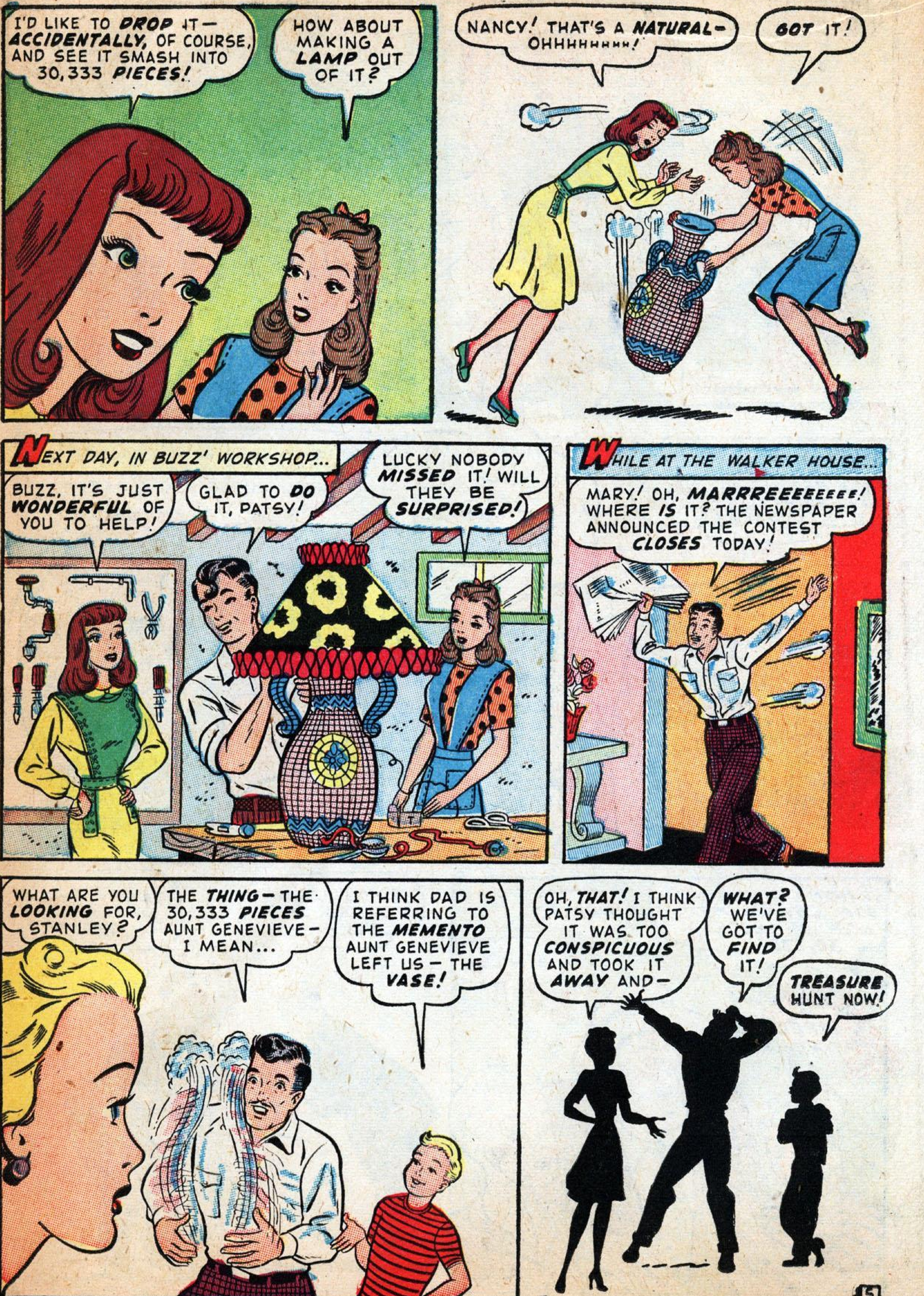
by Jean Goodman

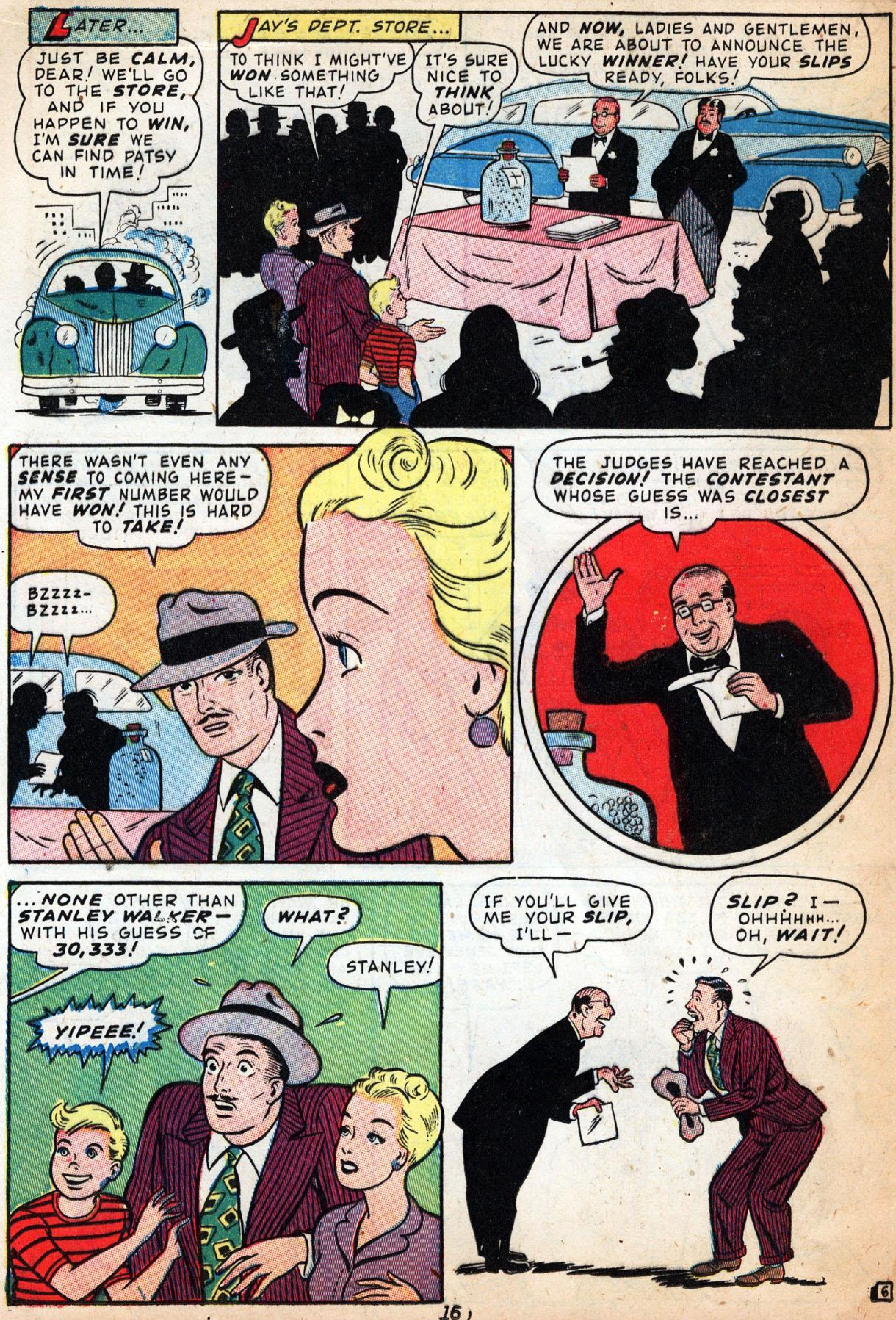

PATSY WALKER
NANCY, THAT VASE IS MADE OF 30,333 SEPARATE PIECES...
AND HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO COUNT 'EM!
"WHAT'S IN A VASE?"
R-547
GOOD-BY, AUNT GENEVIEVE!
SO LONG!
GOOD-BY!
TAXI
GOLLY! I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE'S REALLY GONE!
DON'T BE UNKIND, PATSY... AUNT GENEVIEVE IS A LONELY OLD WOMAN!
AFTER THREE WEEKS WITH US, I CAN SEE WHY SHE'S LONESOME!

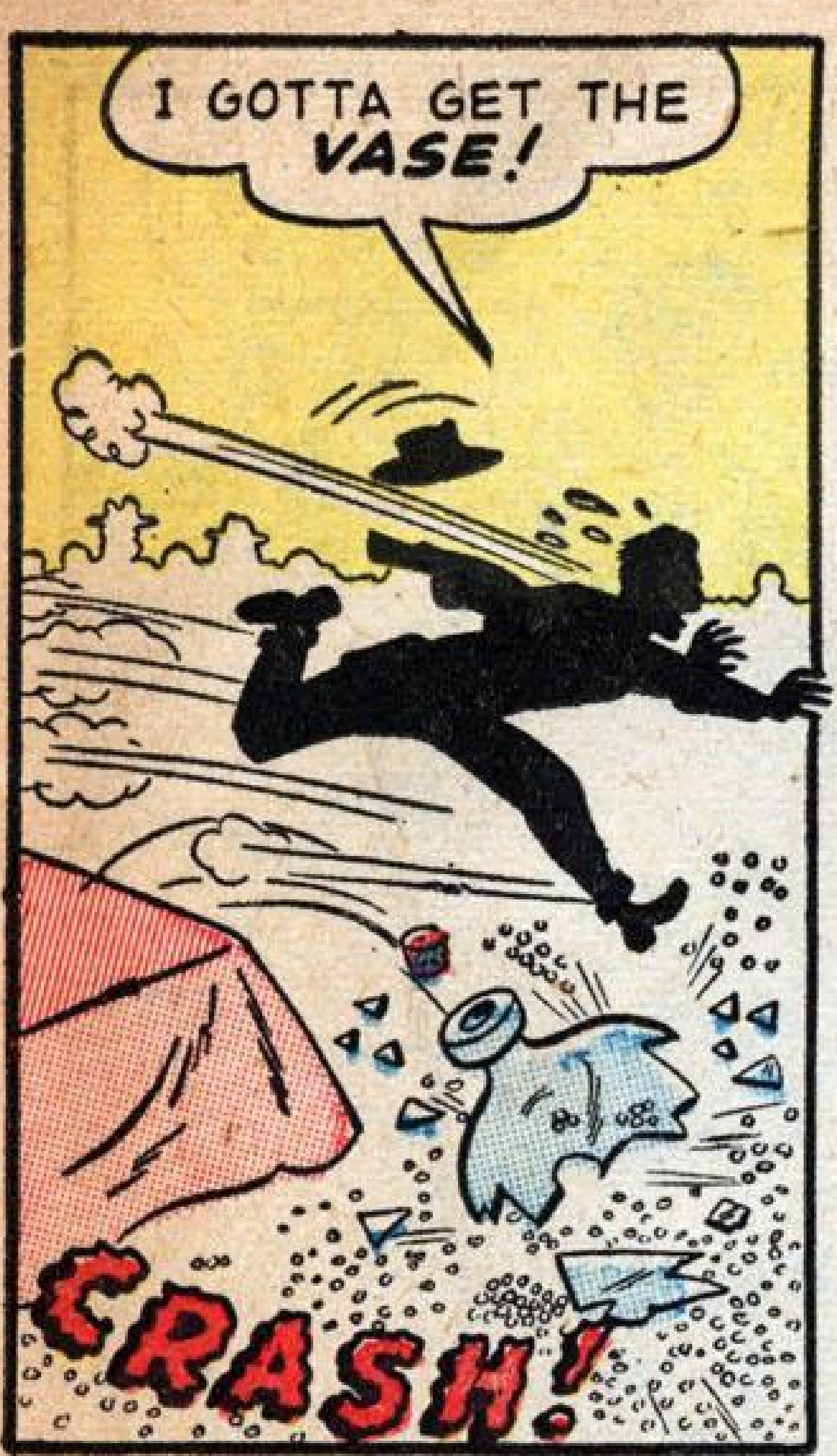

HI, DAD! GOOD NEWS— AUNT GENEVIEVE HAS FINALLY LEFT!
WELL, WELL, WELL... I THOUGHT HER SHORT VISIT WAS BECOMING RATHER LONG!
STANLEY!
GOT IT! HELLO?
MICKEY? THIS IS AUNT GENEVIEVE! COME RIGHT DOWN TO JAY'S DEPARTMENT STORE—I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR THE FAMILY!
BRRRNNG!
BUT—
CLICK!
AUNT GENEVIEVE?
AND I THOUGHT SHE WAS ON HER WAY HOME! THIS IS ONE SURPRISE I DON'T LIKE!
COME ALONG, NANCY— AUNT GENEVIEVE CALLED ABOUT A SURPRISE FOR US!
THIS I WOULDN'T MISS!
WHAT WE NEED IS A NEW CAR!
SPUTTTT BFSK KRAK
FOURTH FLOOR— ANTIQUES, ART COLLECTION, AUTOMOBILES, AND ARTICHOKES...
THIS IS IT!
AN AUTOMOBILE!
MORE LIKELY AN ARTICHOKE!
B 1 2 3 4 5 6
JAY'S DEPT. STORE
Special Today
THIS IS WHAT YOUR AUNT PURCHASED! IT'S AN ANTIQUE AND REQUIRED 30,333 PIECES TO MAKE UP ITS DESIGN!
30,333! I WONDER WHO TOOK THE TIME TO COUNT!
IT'S GHASTLY!
ANTIQUES
2

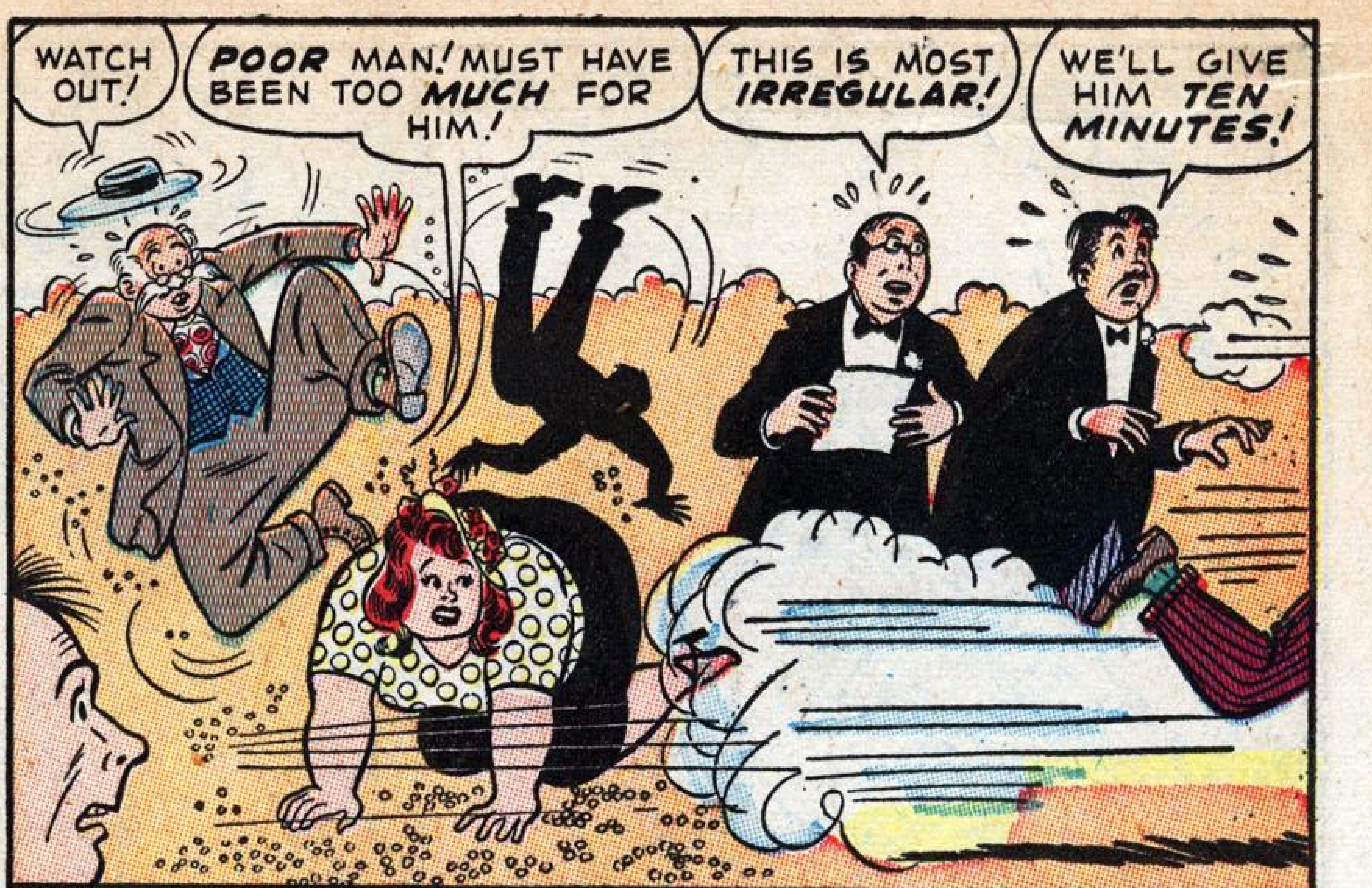

SHALL I WRAP IT, MISS?
PLEASE DO! I WOULDN'T WANT ANYONE TO SEE IT!
I'M GOING TO LOOK AT THE AUTOS!
THERE'S AN IDEA...
I PRIDE MYSELF ON BEING EXPERT IN CALCULATING THINGS LIKE THIS!
GEE, DAD, I'M SURE YOU'RE AS SMART AS THE GUY WHO COUNTED THE 30,333 PIECES IN THAT VASE!
JUST FILL THIS SLIP OUT, SIR!
BEAN COUNTING CONTEST! GUESS THE NUMBER OF BEANS AND WIN A NEW CAR!
ENTRY BLANK
HOURS LATER...
IT'S CLOSING TIME, SIR... AHEM
AND 250 MULTIPLIED BY 26 — DIVIDED BY 14 AND... I HAVE IT!
DON'T LOSE YOUR ENTRY STUB! IT MUST BE RETURNED — IF YOU WIN, THAT IS... THE JUDGES ARE VERY STRICT ABOUT THAT!
DON'T BE SURPRISED IF NEXT WEEK WE HAVE A BRAND NEW CAR PARKED IN OUR GARAGE!
YOU MEAN WE'RE GOING TO RENT OUR GARAGE?
YOU'D BETTER KEEP THAT SLIP IN A SAFE PLACE, MR. WALKER!
MICKEY!
I HAVE A HUNCH ABOUT THIS! I'LL GUARD IT WITH MY —
YEOW!
3

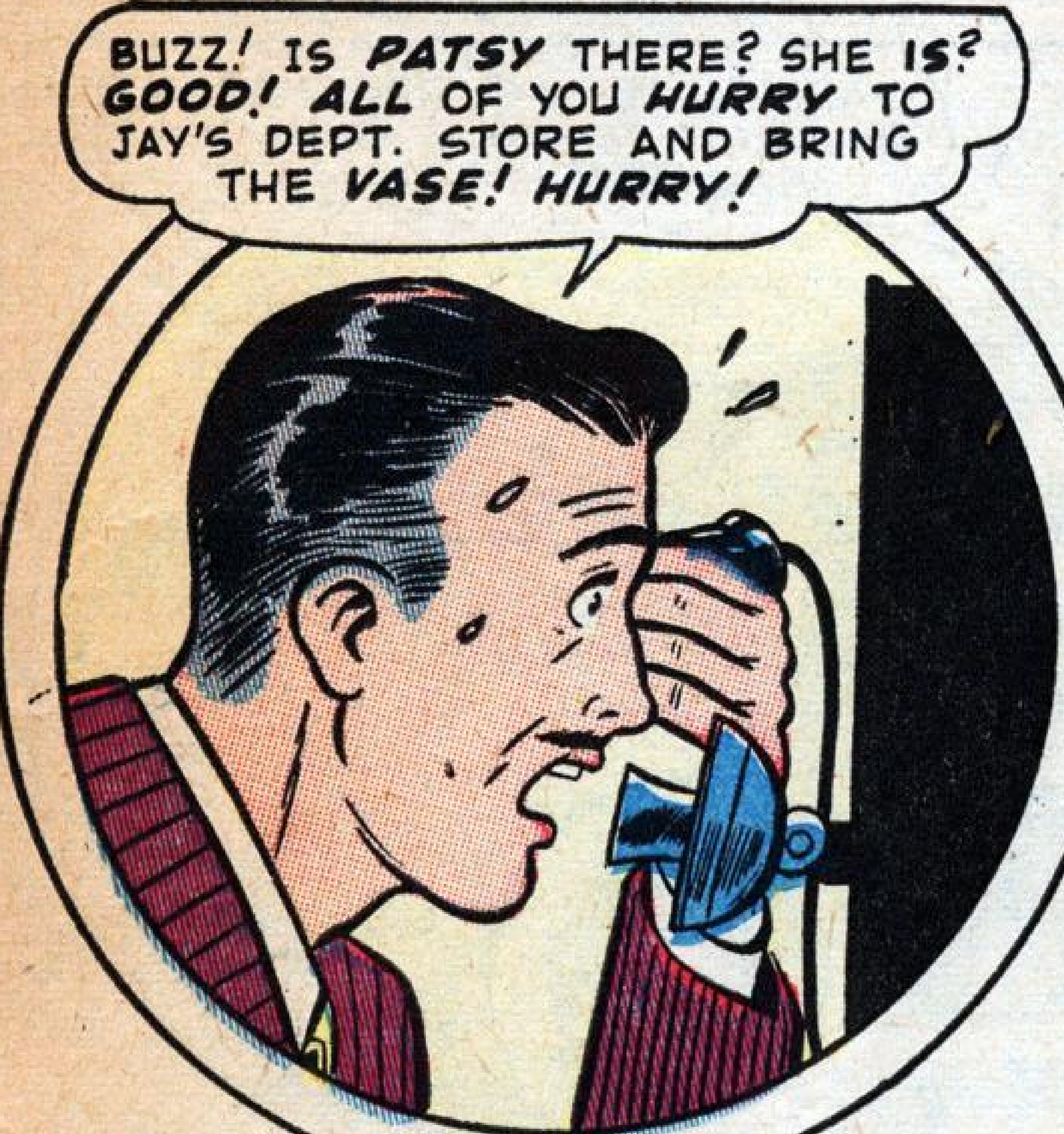

I WROTE DOWN THE WRONG NUMBER!
OH, MY GOODNESS!
NUMBER OF BEANS 30,333
Stanley Walker
I MUST CHANGE THE NUMBER— I MUST! OPEN UP!
GOLLY! YOUR FATHER HAD VASES ON THE BRAIN!
AND AFTER ALL THAT FIGURING!
JAY'S
CLOSED
CLOSED
CLOSED
16⁰⁰
THAT NIGHT...
NOW, DEAR, YOU MUSTN'T TAKE IT SO TO HEART— 30.333 MIGHT BE LUCKY!
BUT I FIGURED IT OUT SO SCIENTIFICALLY!
PUT THE SLIP WHERE YOU WON'T LOSE IT! ONE CAN NEVER TELL...
I'LL PUT IT HERE— THIS I COULD NEVER FORGET!
SHHH... POOR DEAR! HE'S JUST UTTERLY MISERABLE ABOUT THE NUMBER!
HOW HE CAN SLEEP WITH THAT NIGHTMARE OF A VASE NEXT TO HIM IS BEYOND ME!
ZZZZZZZ ZZZZZZ ZZZZ
YOU'RE RIGHT, NANCY— IT'S GRUESOME!
AND WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS FOR IT?
4

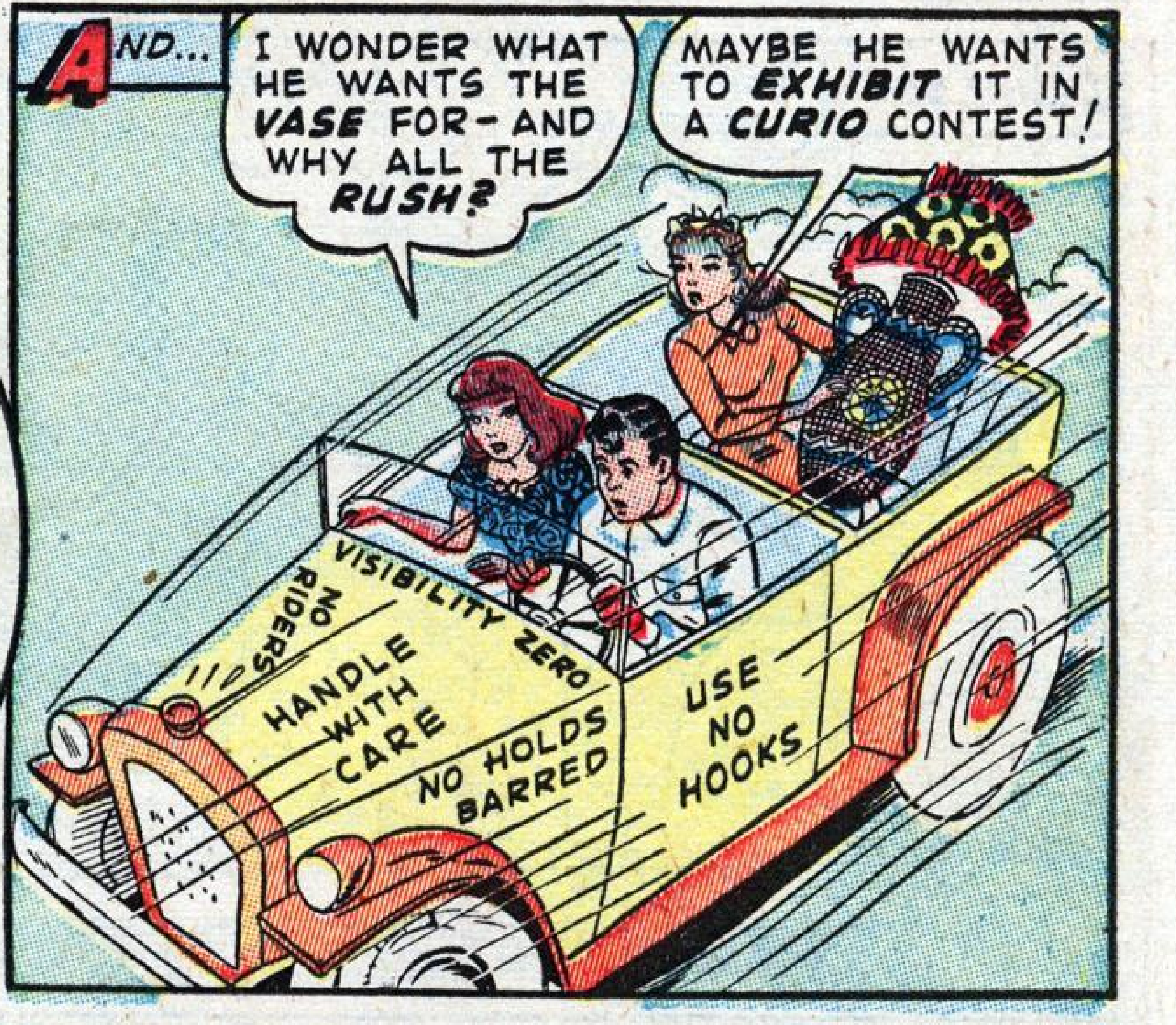

I'D LIKE TO DROP IT— ACCIDENTALLY, OF COURSE, AND SEE IT SMASH INTO 30,333 PIECES!
HOW ABOUT MAKING A LAMP OUT OF IT?
NANCY! THAT'S A NATURAL— OHHHHHHHH!
GOT IT!
NEXT DAY, IN BUZZ' WORKSHOP...
BUZZ, IT'S JUST WONDERFUL OF YOU TO HELP!
GLAD TO DO IT, PATSY!
LUCKY NOBODY MISSED IT! WILL THEY BE SURPRISED!
WHILE AT THE WALKER HOUSE...
MARY! OH, MARRREEEEEEEE! WHERE IS IT? THE NEWSPAPER ANNOUNCED THE CONTEST CLOSES TODAY!
WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR, STANLEY?
THE THING— THE 30,333 PIECES AUNT GENEVIEVE— I MEAN...
I THINK DAD IS REFERRING TO THE MEMENTO AUNT GENEVIEVE LEFT US — THE VASE!
OH, THAT! I THINK PATSY THOUGHT IT WAS TOO CONSPICUOUS AND TOOK IT AWAY AND—
WHAT? WE'VE GOT TO FIND IT!
TREASURE HUNT NOW!
15

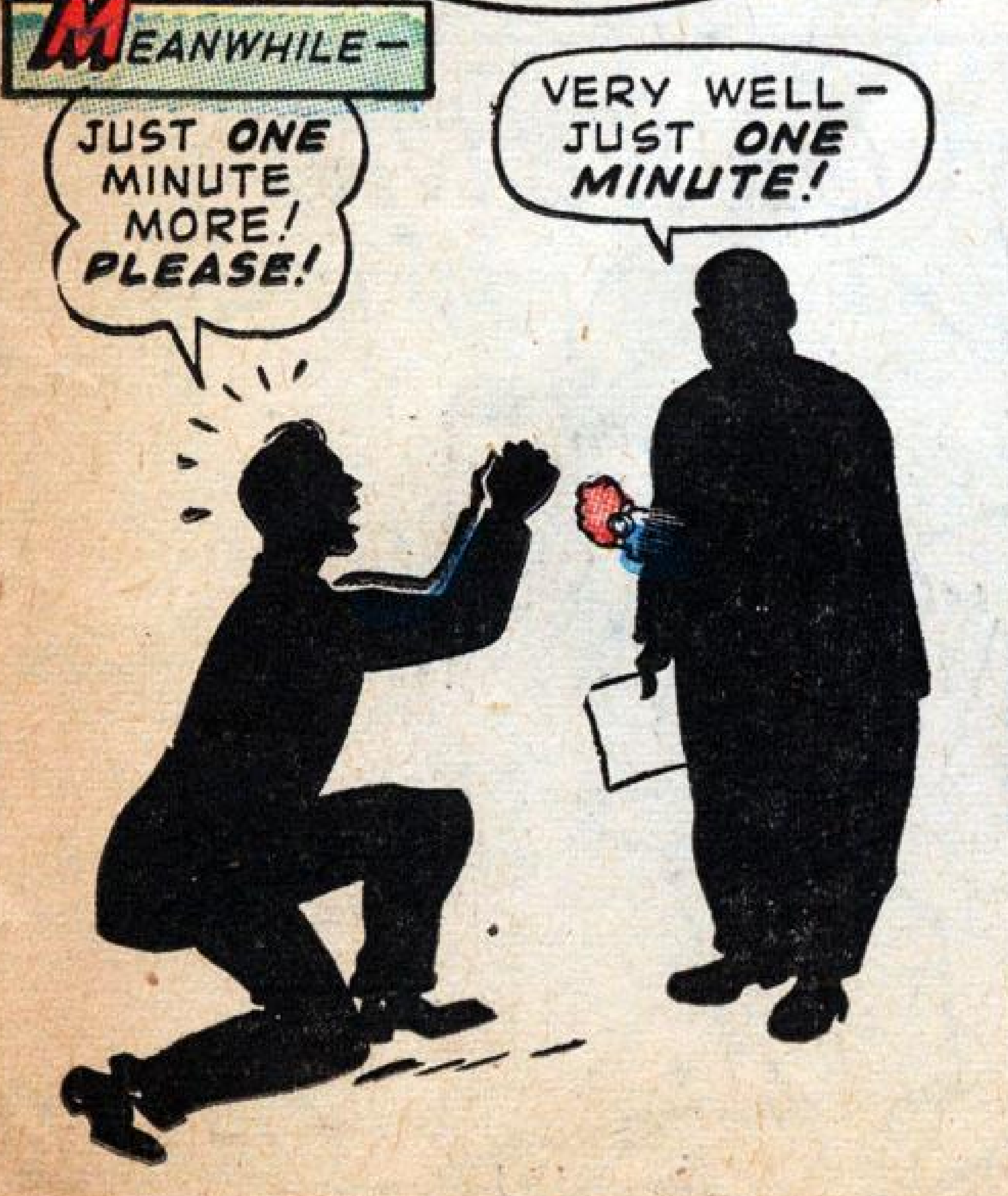

LATER...
JUST BE CALM, DEAR! WE'LL GO TO THE STORE, AND IF YOU HAPPEN TO WIN, I'M SURE WE CAN FIND PATSY IN TIME!
JAY'S DEPT. STORE...
TO THINK I MIGHT'VE WON SOMETHING LIKE THAT!
IT'S SURE NICE TO THINK ABOUT!
AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE ARE ABOUT TO ANNOUNCE THE LUCKY WINNER! HAVE YOUR SLIPS READY, FOLKS!
THERE WASN'T EVEN ANY SENSE TO COMING HERE— MY FIRST NUMBER WOULD HAVE WON! THIS IS HARD TO TAKE!
BZZZZ- BZZZZ...
THE JUDGES HAVE REACHED A DECISION! THE CONTESTANT WHOSE GUESS WAS CLOSEST IS...
...NONE OTHER THAN STANLEY WALKER— WITH HIS GUESS OF 30,333!
WHAT?
STANLEY!
YIPEEE!
IF YOU'LL GIVE ME YOUR SLIP, I'LL—
SLIP? I— OHHHHHH... OH, WAIT!

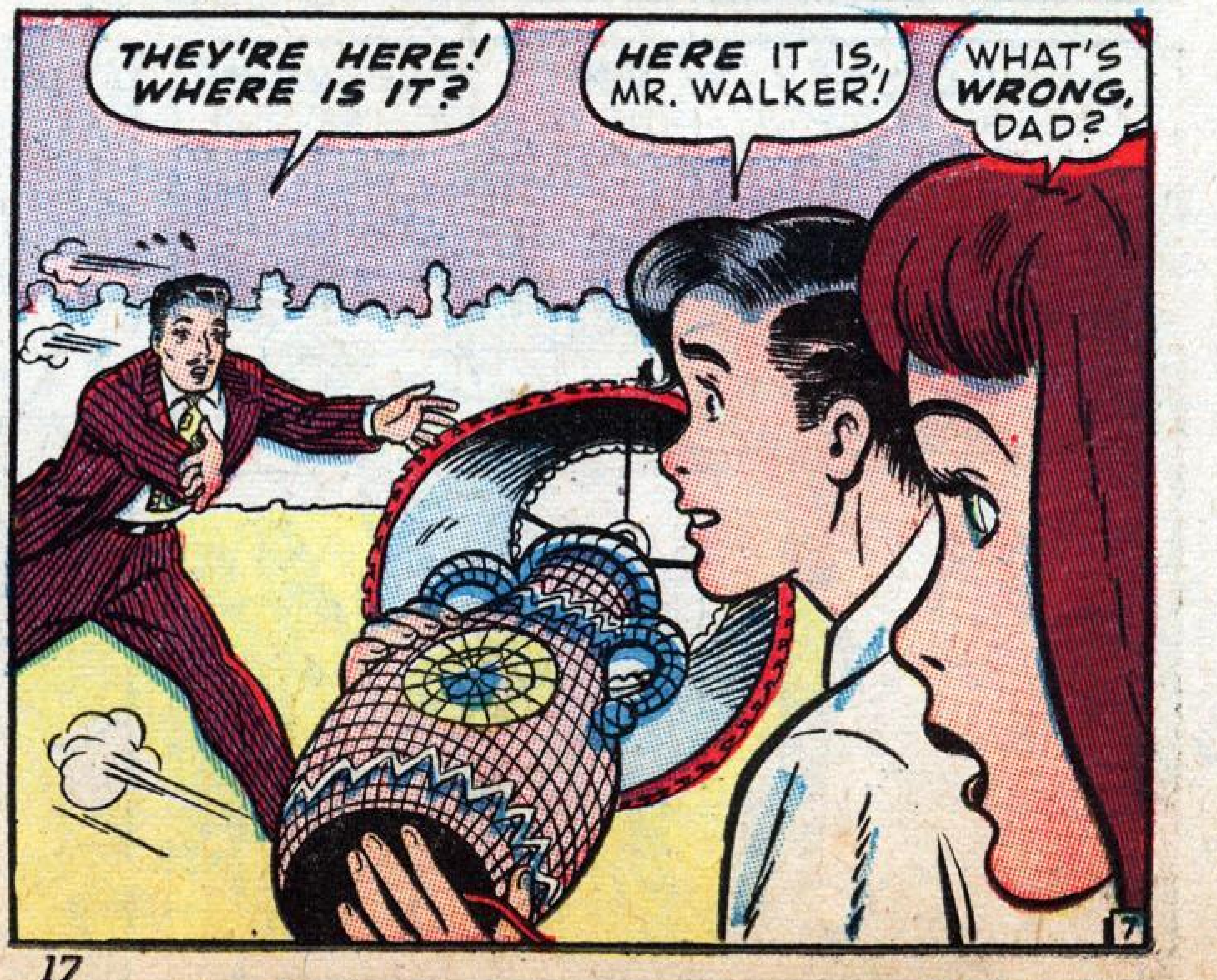

I GOTTA GET THE *VASE!*
CRASH!

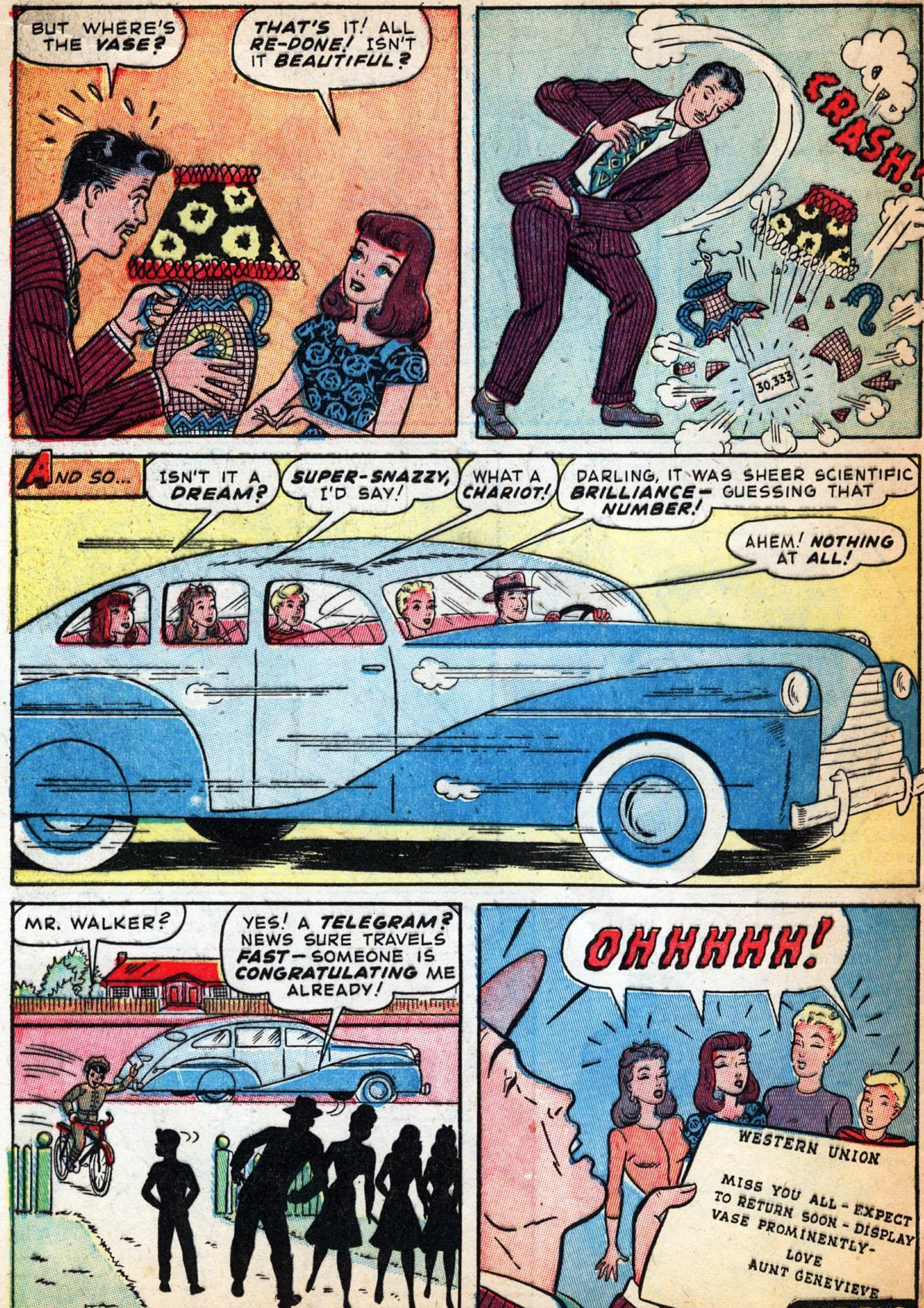

WATCH OUT!
POOR MAN! MUST HAVE BEEN TOO *MUCH* FOR HIM!
THIS IS MOST *IRREGULAR!*
WE'LL GIVE HIM *TEN MINUTES!*


BUZZ! IS *PATSY* THERE? SHE *IS*? *GOOD! ALL* OF YOU *HURRY* TO JAY'S DEPT. STORE AND BRING THE *VASE! HURRY!*


AND...
I WONDER WHAT HE WANTS THE *VASE* FOR– AND WHY ALL THE *RUSH?*
MAYBE HE WANTS TO *EXHIBIT* IT IN A *CURIO* CONTEST!
VISIBILITY ZERO
NO RIDERS
HANDLE WITH CARE
NO HOLDS BARRED
USE NO HOOKS


MEANWHILE–
JUST *ONE* MINUTE MORE! *PLEASE!*
VERY WELL– JUST *ONE MINUTE!*


THEY'RE HERE! WHERE IS IT?
HERE IT IS, MR. WALKER!
WHAT'S *WRONG,* DAD?


BUT WHERE'S THE VASE?
THAT'S IT! ALL RE-DONE! ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL?
CRASH!
30,333
AND SO...
ISN'T IT A DREAM?
SUPER-SNAZZY, I'D SAY!
WHAT A CHARIOT!
DARLING, IT WAS SHEER SCIENTIFIC BRILLIANCE— GUESSING THAT NUMBER!
AHEM! NOTHING AT ALL!
MR. WALKER?
YES! A TELEGRAM? NEWS SURE TRAVELS FAST—SOMEONE IS CONGRATULATING ME ALREADY!
8
OHHHHH!
WESTERN UNION
MISS YOU ALL - EXPECT TO RETURN SOON - DISPLAY VASE PROMINENTLY-
LOVE
AUNT GENEVIEVE
THE END

HELLO, GIRLS!

MEMORANDUM

FROM: THE EDITOR
TO: ALL OUR READERS

What with October's bright blue weather and exams round the corner for all of you, we've planned a MISS AMERICA exam of our own - though it mightn't be the kind you're likely to get in that little red schoolhouse. Still, we think it's of super-special importance to the gal with her eyes on a Saturday night date. We're talking about that heart-to-heart questionnaire from JEAN GOODMAN - "Do You Rate a Date?" Out with the pencils, gals. What's your score?

And here we reverse school procedure to award all you students apples for alertness. Your MISS AMERICA SPEAKS homework rates A. Though we could only name six winners this month, the apples - figuratively speaking - go to each and every one of you who wrote in with the cutest hints we've yet conned.

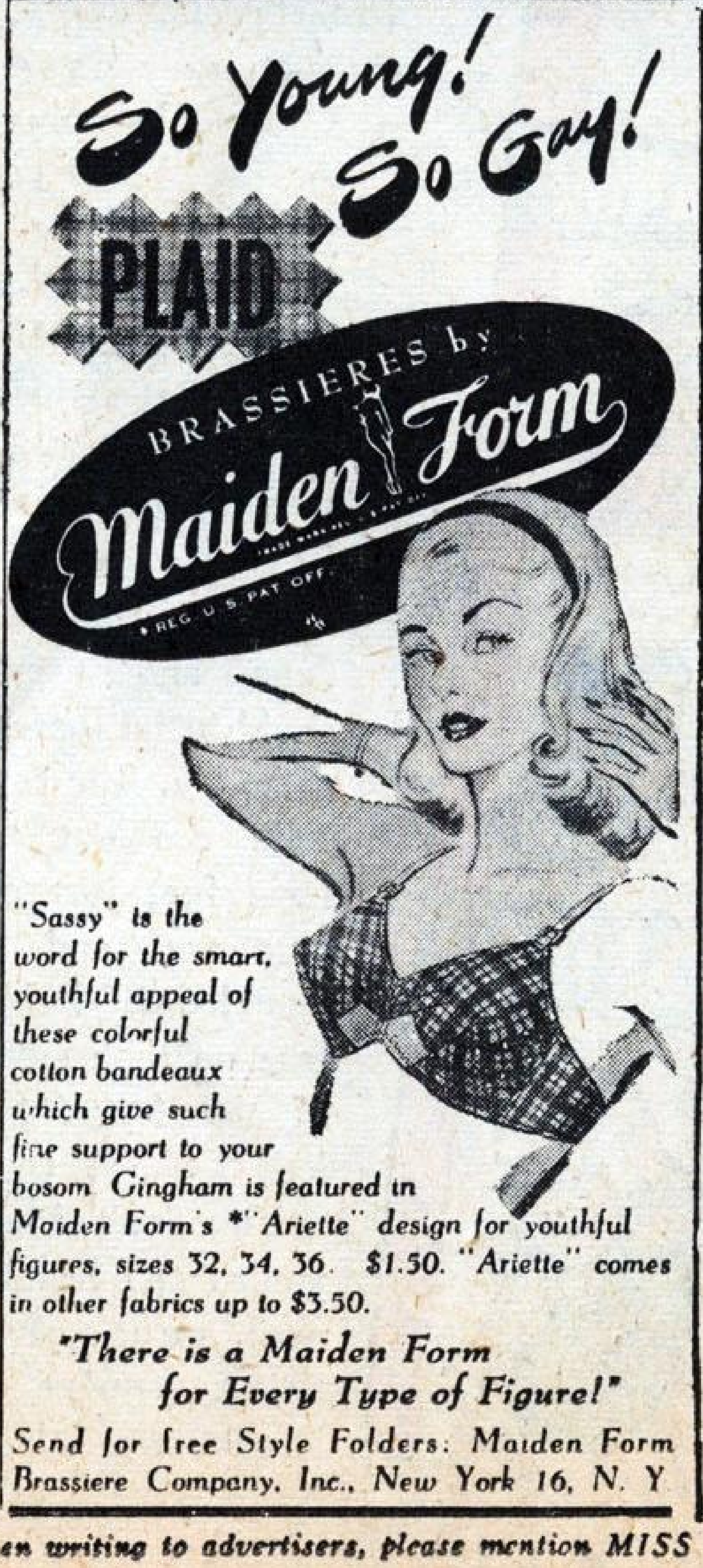
Now a glimpse into our crystal gazing ball for a look at the future. It's still a secret - but - WE'RE PLANNING MORE STORIES THAN EVER for next month. A whole half-issue devoted to nothing but fiction-for-femmes!...C'mon, let's hear those cheers...

Always yours,
THE EDITOR

TeenTown's "Easy-Reach"

Look, girls! "Easy-Reach" is the niftiest idea in shoulder bags in years! For an outside pocket—within easy reach—holds a zipper coin purse so you don't have to scramble for carfare and such. And you can't lose it for it's securely fastened to a sparkling golden chain. Nice and roomy and with a long zipper closing, this bag is of that remarkable plastic calf that can't crack or scuff—wipes clean in a jiffy. Brown, Red, Navy, Russet, Green or Black. About $3.00.

Send no money. For name of nearest store, write stating county, to:
PYRAMID, 27 W. 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y.


So Young! So Gay!
PLAID
BRASSIERES by Maiden Form
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"Sassy" is the word for the smart, youthful appeal of these colorful cotton bandeaux which give such fine support to your bosom. Gingham is featured in Maiden Form's *"Ariette" design for youthful figures, sizes 32, 34, 36. $1.50. "Ariette" comes in other fabrics up to $3.50.

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Regular shoe size____ Width____ (Sizes 3-9, little girls 1-5).
Name ....
Address ....
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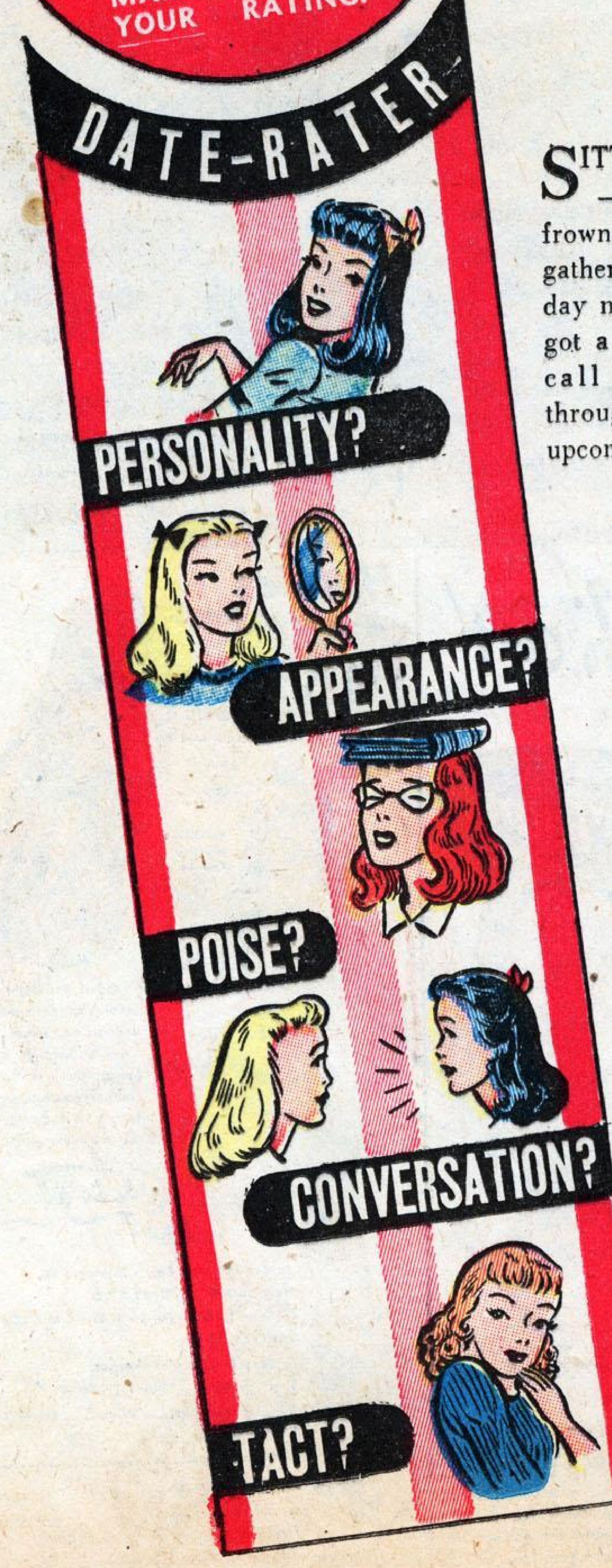
(We have Huskies for men, too, sizes 6-12)

When writing to advertisers, please mention MISS AMERICA.

HERE IT IS, GALS! THAT PIECE YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR BY YOUR OWN JEAN GOODMAN—A FOOL-PROOF, FLIRT-PROOF WAY TO CHECK STOCK ON THE POPULARITY MARKET. HOW'S YOUR RATING?

Do You Rate a Date?

BY JEAN GOODMAN


DATE-RATER
PERSONALITY?
APPEARANCE?
POISE?
CONVERSATION?
TACT?

SITTING by the phone —all alone? And the frowns are beginning to gather because it's Saturday night and you haven't got a date . . . Or Jerry's call still hasn't come through . . . Or there's the upcoming football dance to worry about . . . Or the mid-semester prom.

In any case, Life and the stronger sex have got you down.

But stop for a moment. Drop that pucker, straighten that slouch, clear that brow — and let's take stock.

For every jilted Jane and every snubbed Sue there's a reason. The fellows are out to have fun, just as you are, and a "good date" holds true on both sides of the fence. So let's look at you.

You don't think you're a beauty and you don't think you're a brain. So what have you got? Well, for one thing, a *personality* —your own, something apart and indefinably different from the personality of any other human being, provided you keep it so.

But you're all up in a tizzy. "Just what exactly is a 'personality'?" Personality . . . it's the quality that makes you as different from your pal Prue as a comma is from a period . . . it's the peculiarly individual way you have of laughing or crossing your t's . . . it's you! And there's no way of achieving that indefinable something but by BEING you. Which is just another way of saying that personality equals honesty in living. An HONEST hatred, an HONEST preference, an HONEST like or dislike adds up to individuality. There's no sense in copying Jill's gushiness—even though she's the most popular gal in the class—if gushiness just isn't your dish. You may be the quiet, sensitive type. And that's all right, because it's you. So make the most of what you are.

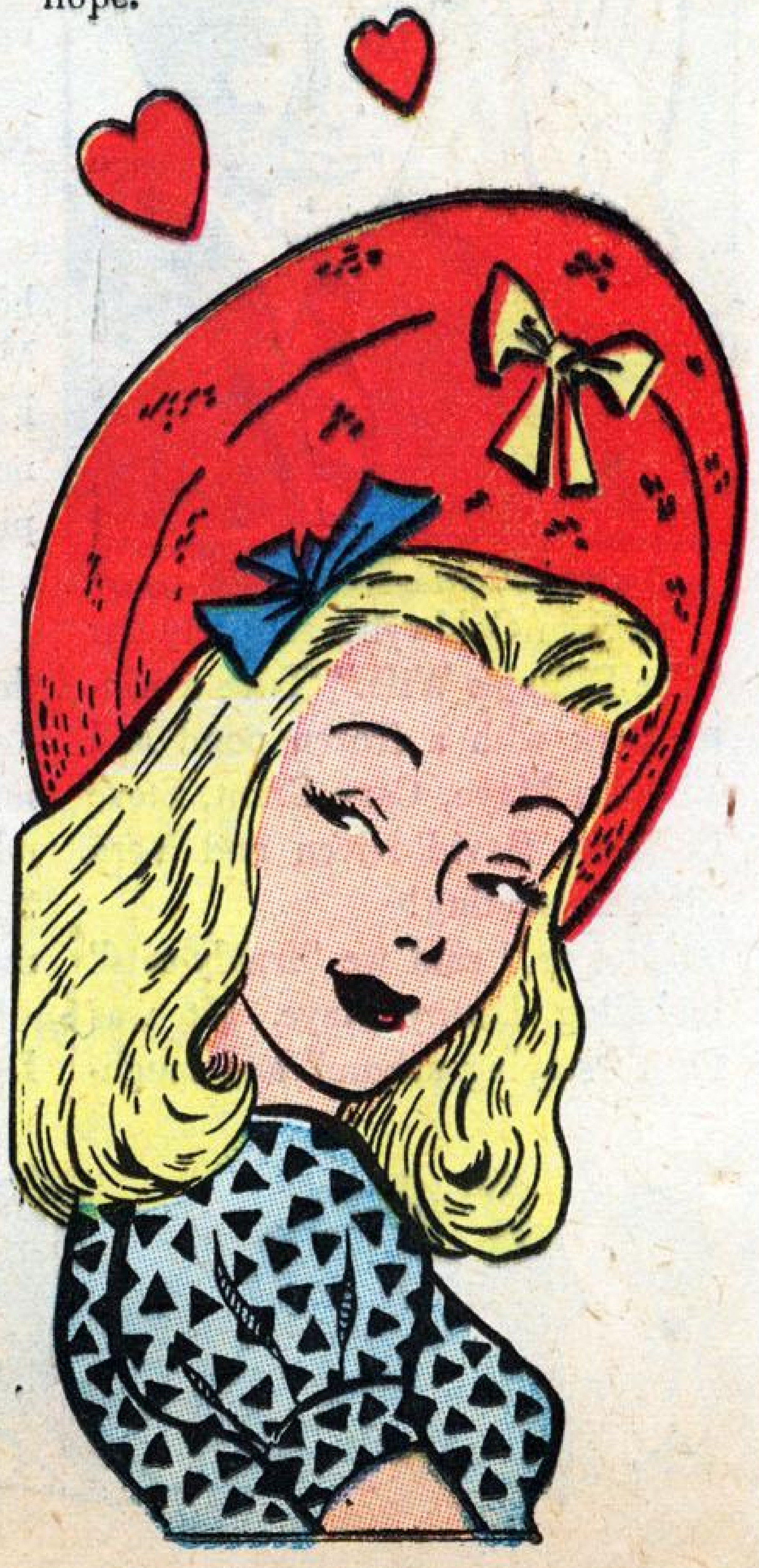
Next on our barometer is *appearance*. So you're NOT Hedy Lamarr. Well, neither are most people. But anybody can brighten up an old dress with a cute belt, or wear her hair so that that snub nose is accented and made "interesting" rather than just snub, or keep her stocking seams straight and her dickies clean. After all, appearance is only common sense. If you're stout, you wear clothes that make you look thin—and vice-versa. It's all a matter of being hep! Aside from which, a bright easy-to-get-along-with personality goes as far as love to make that man in your life blind to minor blemishes like uneven teeth or freckles.

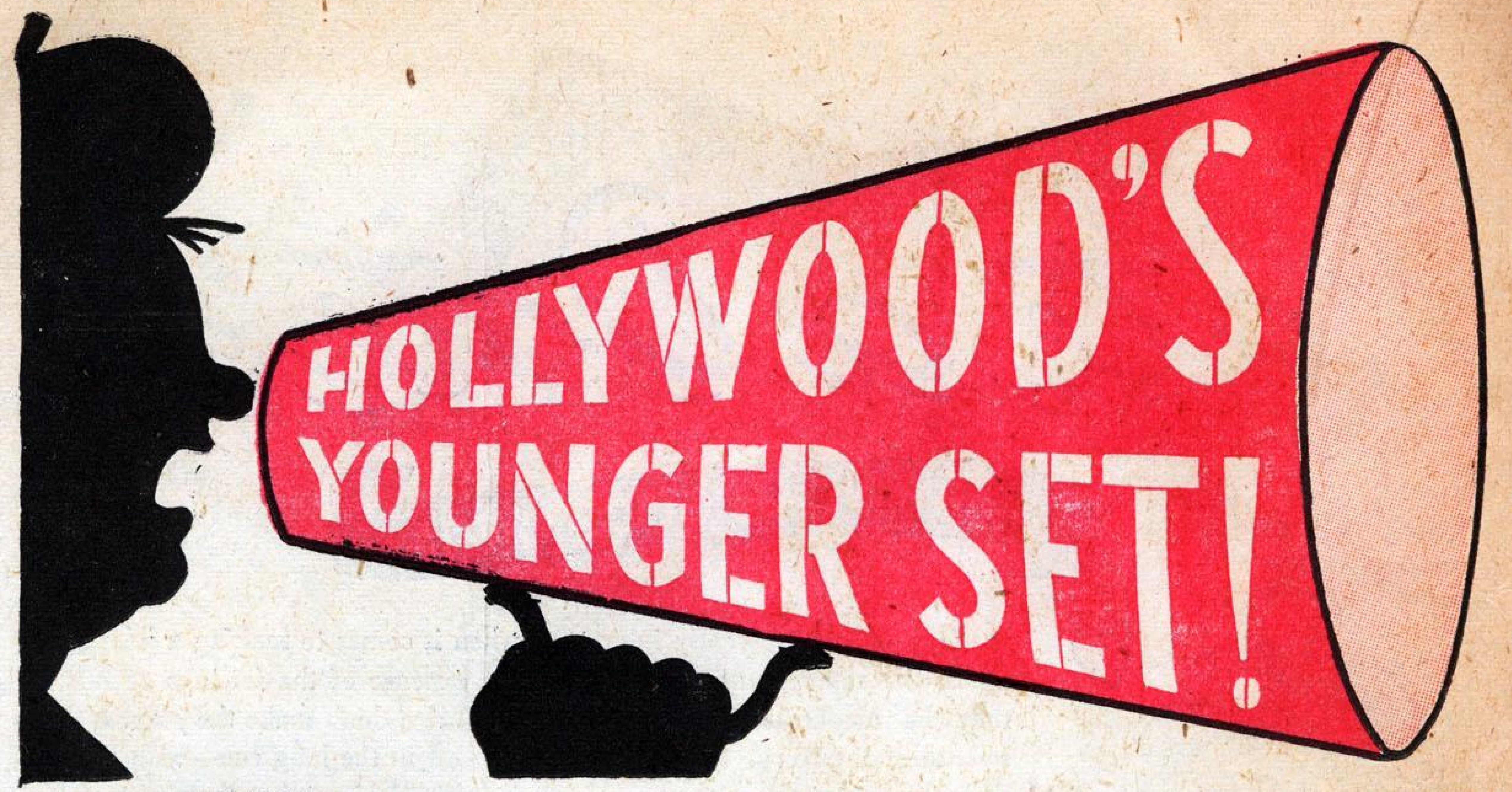
Third date-rater is *conversation*. So you've been out on a date or two, but everything's sort of folded under. You just don't know what to talk about with a fellow. The answer is simple. Snoop around a bit and find out what HIS interests are. You'd be surprised at how quickly you yourself will fall into the trap by getting really interested in the same matters—whether they be airplanes or the latest scientific discovery. At the same time, how about having some interests of your own aside from clothes and dates? They're sure to make you more pal-able as well as more palatable. And a wise gal knows that the trick of conversation is to put the other fellow at his ease. Try listening for a while instead of dredging for clever quips—it does wonders for self-confidence in the male. And a self-confident male means a self-satisfied Miss.

The Barometer points to *poise* as next on the agenda. And that's a different question. It comes with experience and being forced to meet over and over again the kind of situations that make you seem like a duffer. But a good rule to follow is: RESERVE. Don't fall overboard with wild enthusiasm—whether it be for a joke or for the new fellow who just moved in next door. If you can't think of a cute answer right off the bat when Jimmy asks for a date, don't giggle to fill in the gap. Wait, think, smile politely . . . that's always safe.

And last, but not least—*tact*. Well, put yourself into some of the situations that embarrass others. There's a very sensible line in the Bible that goes: "Do unto others as ye would unto yourself." And when it comes to making a joke at the expense of the feelings of Bill or Barbs, don't make the joke. It'll pay off in the long run—with lasting friendship rather than momentary popularity.

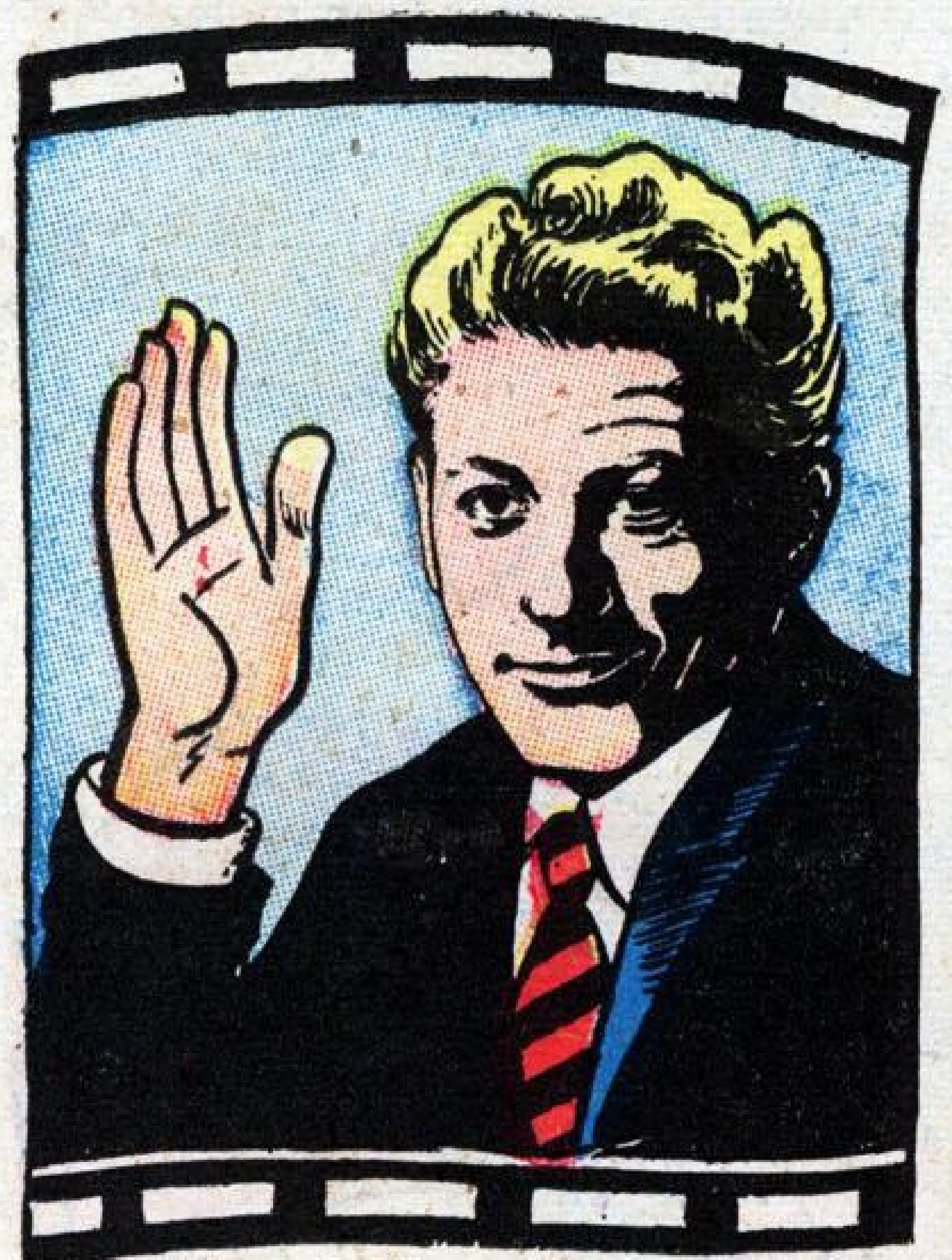
There's the barometer, gals. Personality. Appearance. Conversation. Poise. Tact. How's your fever? Rising . . . we sincerely hope.





HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET!

WHAT'S NEW IN HOLLYWOOD AS MAY MANN SEES IT!



To Sam Goldwyn's set-party for "The Bishop's Wife." 'Twas a winter park with a frozen pond and Virginia Mayo, Cary Grant, Steve Cochran, David Niven and Vera Ellen ice-skating!

"Not us," said we "fraidy-cats" including Danny Kaye. (It was nicer "staying ashore" and laughing with Danny—huh?)

We had turkey, roast beef, baked ham, salad and goodies, plus sitting with beautiful Loretta Young who admitted taking a fall on the ice.

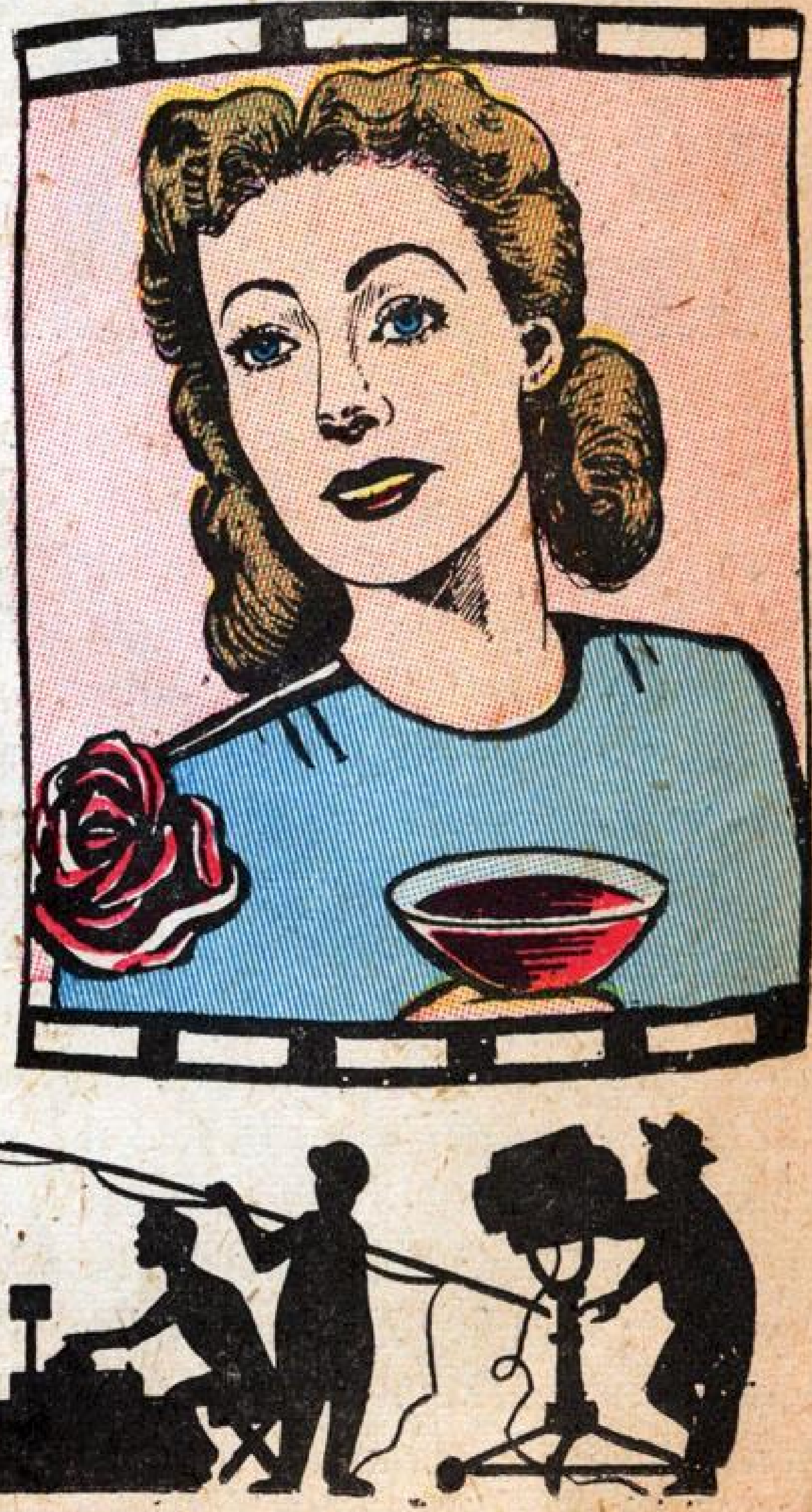
Danny Kaye — Steve Cochran! No wonder we had a wonderful time!

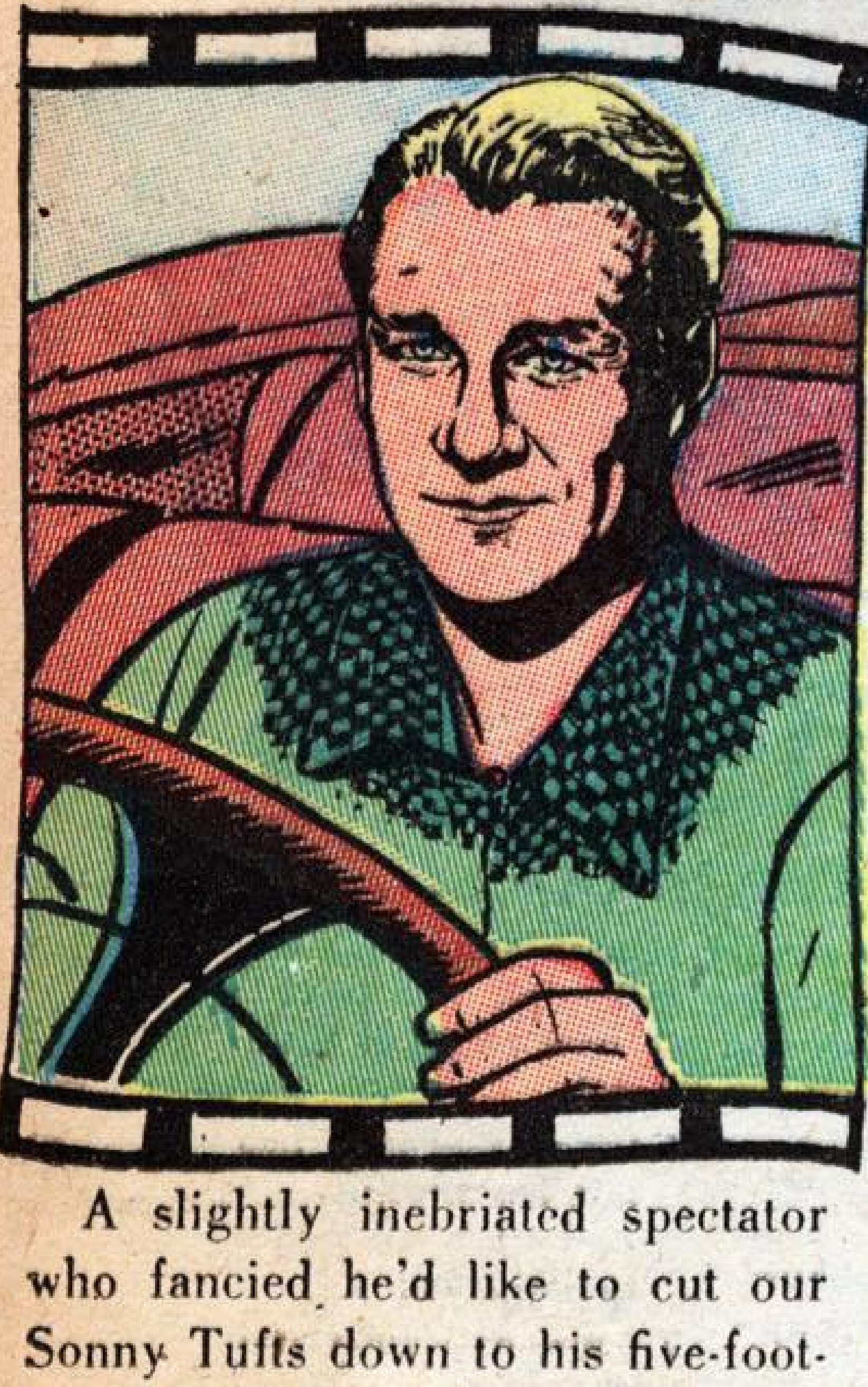
Sonny Tufts, our personal dream boat, invited us to the première of Monogram's "It Happened On Fifth Avenue" at Grauman's Chinese (Footprints) Theater — and picked us up in his Lincoln Convertible.

In the traffic jam, Sonny'd ask the nearest policeman, "What time does the balloon go up?" At the mike Radio's George Fisher greeted Sonny, "Here comes tall blond Sonny Milland; I beg pardon I mean Sonny Crosby Ladd Tufts!"

Rod Cameron, Forrest Tucker, Don Defore, Ben Gage (with Esther Williams) accused Sonny of wearing lifts to give him that six-four.

Bob Neal, Diana Lynn's boyfriend invited us all to the Chanteclair. Diana looked like Red Riding Hood with her red hooded jacket over a white dress. The wolves whistled and woofed!





A slightly inebriated spectator who fancied he'd like to cut our Sonny Tufts down to his five-foot-seven challenged, but Sonny laughed. "You've got me all wrong in pictures, Brother. I'm not a fighter. I'm a lover!"

Lassie, M.G.M.'s dog star hosted a party at the Brown Derby to announce she's making her debut on the radio, sponsored by dog biscuits. Wonder if Lassie'll be the only radio star to "paws" for station announcements?

Cute and colorful Peggy Cummins, now 20, plays a 16-year-old in "Green Grass of Wyoming" being filmed in Utah. She rides bareback too.

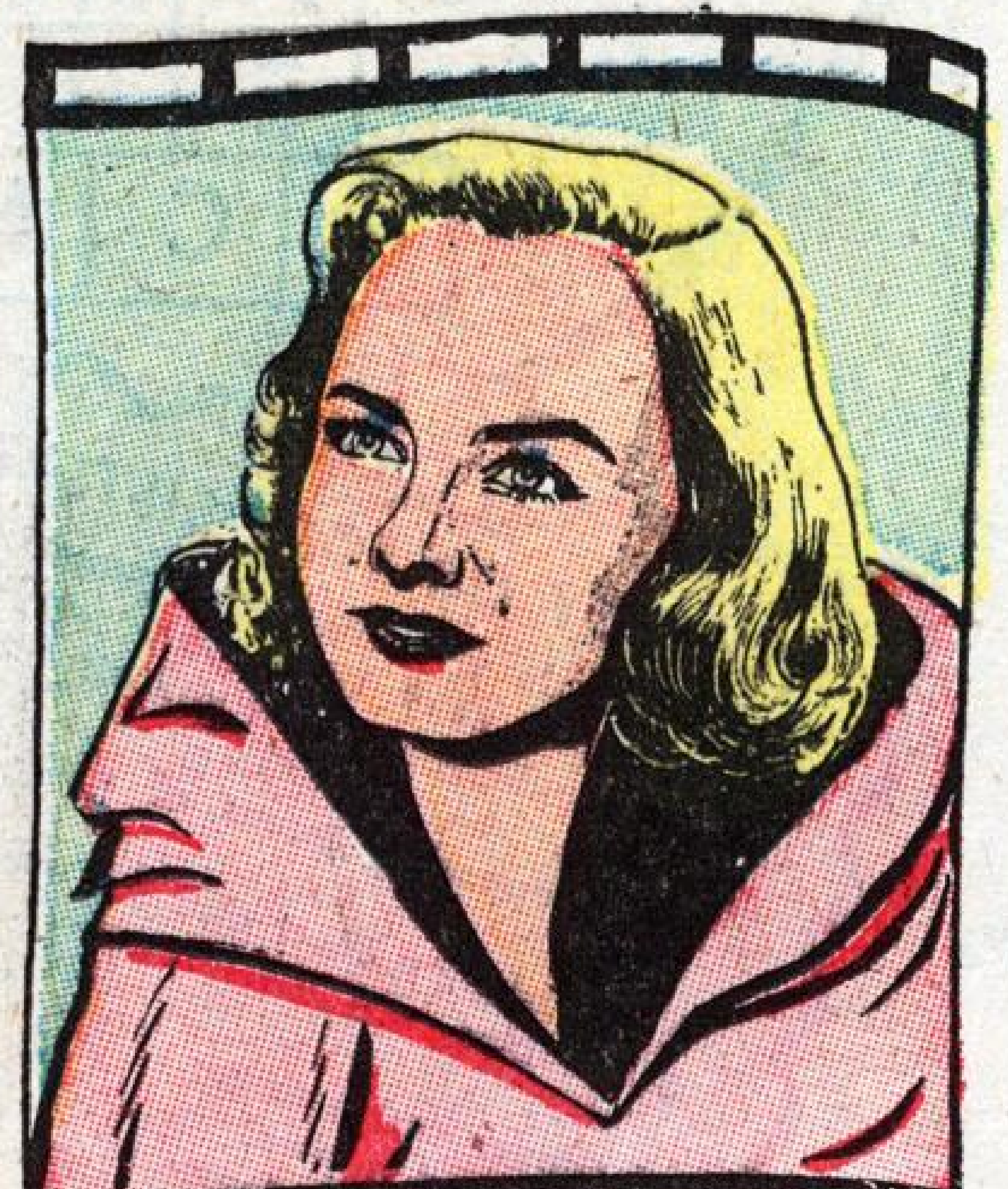
If you can bake a better pie you're in business. At Michael's party we dubbed him "Hollywood's Male Mildred Pierce" because he began baking cheesecakes at home for his friends, and they forced him, by demand, to open a shop.

Kurt Kreuger played us his new recordings. He may sing in "The Little Red Mill." Andrea King, excited about co-starring with Robert Montgomery in "Ride The Red Horse" for Warner Bros., and Audrey Totter were at Kurt's party too.

Saw the Van Johnsons at Sak's picking up the new mink Van had ordered for his Evie. Incidentally local telephone hep fans report Van's number has slumped to a quarter since he wed, and Peter Lawford's has jumped to one dollar. We loved Van in "High Barbaree." A fine, sincere actor!

Hey, Wolves—this is *not* the Hollywood Dating Bureau for telephone numbers. Although Ann Blyth and Lon McCallister were both pleased when we gave Lon, Ann's. But we asked mutual permission first!

And that's Hollywood!



Illustrated by Mario Acquaviva

TEEN TEASERS

1

WORDS IN "MISS AMERICA"

The problem here is to spell out as many three-or-more-letter words as possible by starting at any letter you like and going from there to adjoining one and so forth without using any letter twice. (For example: Start at C, move to A, and then to R and E and get the word CARE, one of the 20 words we have been able to find.) How many can you find?

A score of 18 and over is excellent; 14-17 good.

M	I	S	S
	A	M	
	E	R	
I	C	A	

2

MYTH-MADE . . .

It all happened aeons and aeons ago, but perhaps you can still recognize some of these fellows from out of mythology:

1. He was invulnerable except for his heel.
2. He was the god of wine.
3. He shot love arrows into the hearts of both gods and men.
4. He was the god of the lower world.
5. He was the strongest of them all.
6. He symbolized speed.
7. He turned into gold whatever he touched.
8. He presided over the ocean.
9. He destroyed his eyesight.
10. He always played the flute.

3

TOMBOY OR SOFT SISTER?

How well do you know the games of the stronger sex? We'll start you off with the rudiments. See if you can name the sport:

1. Two opposing teams of nine men each.
2. A basket, a court and five men.
3. Ten pins, a 15-foot runway, and a pit.
4. Gloves and a ring.
5. Bait and a pole.
6. Two opposing teams of 11 men and a large field.
7. A ball, clubs and a course of nine or 18 holes.
8. A hooked stick, a puck and ice.
9. Two iron pegs and game consists of 21 points.
10. A wooden ball, horses and a long-handled mallet.

4

JINGLE THE JINGLE . . .

Remember those nursery rhymes you used to love? Or is your memory falling off with age? Hop along with us and see how many of the following lines you can fill out.

1. Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,

2. Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,

3. There was a little girl
Who had a little curl,

4. Three little kittens
Lost their mittens,

5. Wee Willie Winkle runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown,

6. Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;

7. Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea;

8. Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,

9. This is the house that Jack built.
This is the malt,

10. Hey! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle.

5

GRAMMAR GANDER

How well do you know your grammar? The following words are frequently misused. See if you can make the right choice:

1. He is (apt, likely) to fall.
2. The girls were talking (with, among) one another.
3. The truth is (obvious, apparent).
4. I have (all of them, them all).
5. I know that (person, party).
6. I have (proved, proven) it.
7. The pictures were sold (by, at) auction.
8. I (am afraid, fear) it will rain.
9. I differ (from, with) you upon that point.
10. My nephew is a child of (two years old, two years).

6

HOLIDAY HUNGRY?

You're in there cheering when the holidays come around, but how good are you at remembering their dates? See if you can spot the following 10:

1. Armistice Day
2. Halloween
3. Labor Day
4. Lincoln's Birthday
5. Memorial Day
6. Saint Valentine's Day
7. Thanksgiving Day
8. Washington's Birthday
9. Independence Day
10. Saint Patrick's Day

7

TOUR-TIME

Up on geography? In every group below, one is an island. Can you name it?

1. a. Maryland, b. Manitoba, c. Madagascar
2. a. Boston, b. Borneo, c. Bombay
3. a. New Guinea, b. New Delhi, c. New York
4. a. Somaliland, b. Syria, c. Sumatra
5. a. Thailand, b. Tasmania, c. Terre Haute
6. a. Guam, b. Guadalajara, c. Geneva
7. a. Colorado, b. Crimea, c. Corsica
8. a. India, c. Ireland, c. Idaho
9. a. Georgia, b. Gibraltar, c. Great Britain
10. a. Salvador, b. Sicily, c. Scotland

8

ACROSS

1. To tell how something looks
8. A kind of tree
9. Old
10. Mountains between Europe and Asia
12. Limb used in walking
13. Seventh note of the scale
14. A number; half of two
15. The back part of a foot
16. (Year (abbreviate)
19. A vase
22. A stone having colors that change .
25. A musical instrument

DOWN

1. A bakery product, round with a hole in it
2. The organ of hearing
3. A runner or wheels attached to a shoe and used in a sport
4. Egyptian sun god
5. Eskimo's house
6. Past participle of be
7. The outer, projecting part of a table, dish, cliff, etc.
11. A kind of flower
17. To commit robbery
18. A fermented drink
20. Railroad (abbreviate)
21. Opposite of yes
23. A river in Italy
24. An article

1	2	3		4	5	6	7
8			■	9			
10			11	■	12		
	■	13		■	14		
15				■		■	■
	■	■	16	17	■	■	
19	20	21	■	22	23	24	
25							

ANSWERS:

1

1. Care
2. Arm
3. Mare
4. Are
5. Cream
6. Ream
7. Ass
8. Ace
9. Area
10. Race
11. Era
12. Aim
13. Mar
14. Ram
15. Ice
16. Maim
17. Cram
18. Mass
19. Amiss
20. Same

2

1. Achilles
2. Bacchus
3. Cupid
4. Hades
5. Hercules
6. Mercury
7. Midas
8. Neptune
9. Oedipus
10. Pan

3

1. Baseball
2. Basketball
3. Bowling
4. Boxing
5. Fishing
6. Football
7. Golf
8. Hockey
9. Horseshoes
10. Polo

4

1. Eating his Christmas pie;
2. To get her poor dog a bone;
3. Right in the middle of her forehead.
4. And they began to cry:
5. Rapping at the window, crying through the lock,
6. "Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
7. Low, low, breathe and blow,
8. And a merry old soul was he;
9. That lay in the house that Jack built.
10. The cow jumped over the moon.

5

1. Likely
2. With
3. Obvious
4. Them all
5. Person
6. Proved
7. By
8. Fear
9. From
10. Two years

6

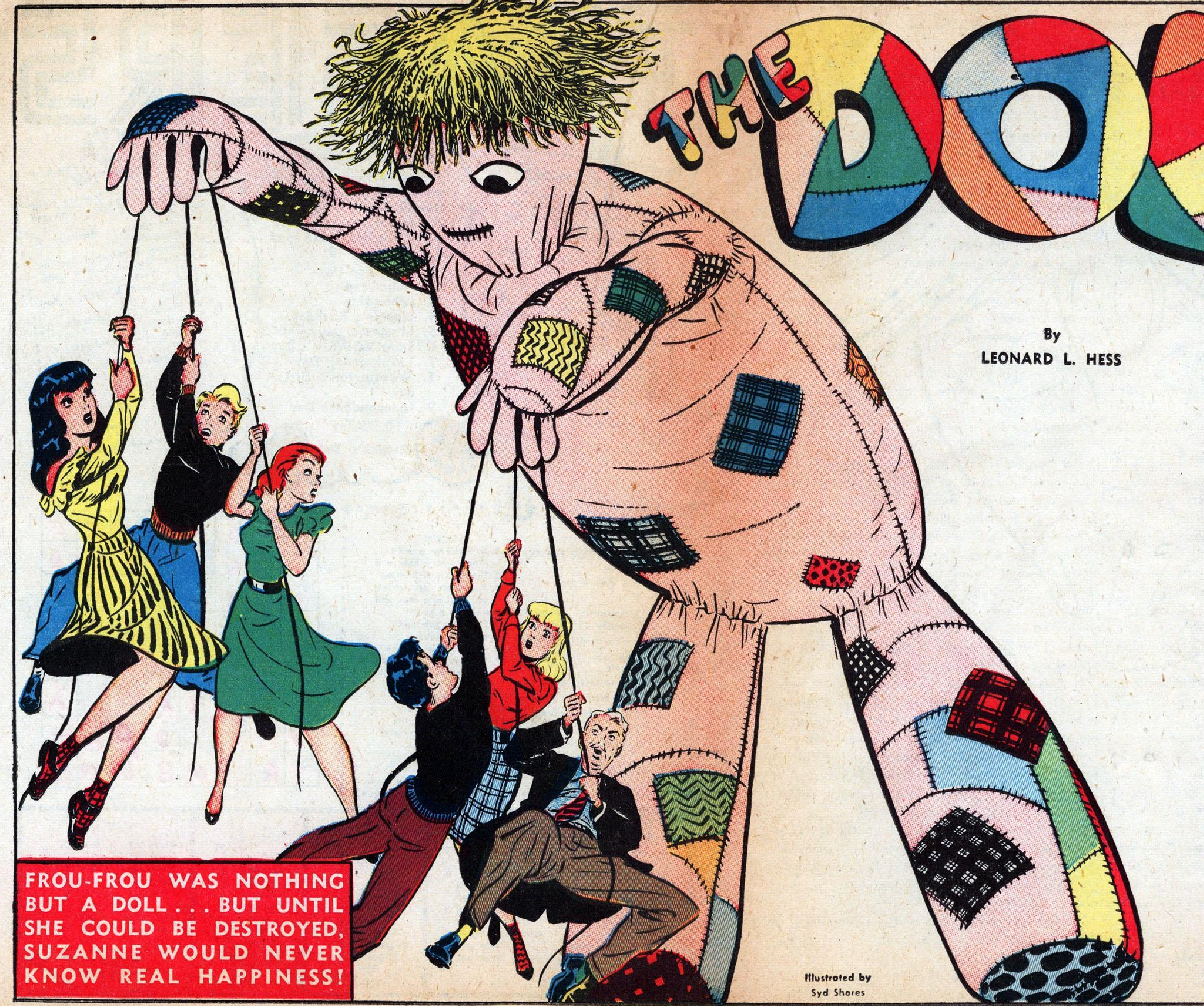
1. November 11
2. October 31
3. First Monday in September
4. February 12
5. May 30
6. February 14
7. Last Thursday in November
8. February 22
9. July 4
10. March 17

7

1. c
2. b
3. a
4. c
5. b
6. a
7. c
8. b
9. c
10. b

8

D	E	S	C	R	I	B	E
O	A	K	■	A	G	E	D
U	R	A	L	■	L	E	G
G	■	T	E	■	O	N	E
H	E	E	L	■	O	■	■
N	■	■	Y	R	■	■	A
U	R	N	■	O	P	A	L
T	R	O	M	B	O	N	E



THE DOLL

By

LEONARD L. HESS

FROU-FROU WAS NOTHING BUT A DOLL . . . BUT UNTIL SHE COULD BE DESTROYED, SUZANNE WOULD NEVER KNOW REAL HAPPINESS!

Illustrated by
Syd Shores

CLAIRE showed her into the room which was to be Suzanne's very own. Already, Suzanne loved Claire like a sister; she loved Mr. and Mrs. Wilton—"Bill" and "Harriet", Claire called them. Imagine to yourself, a daughter calling parents by their first names! In France, that was not done.

"Do you like it?" Claire asked.

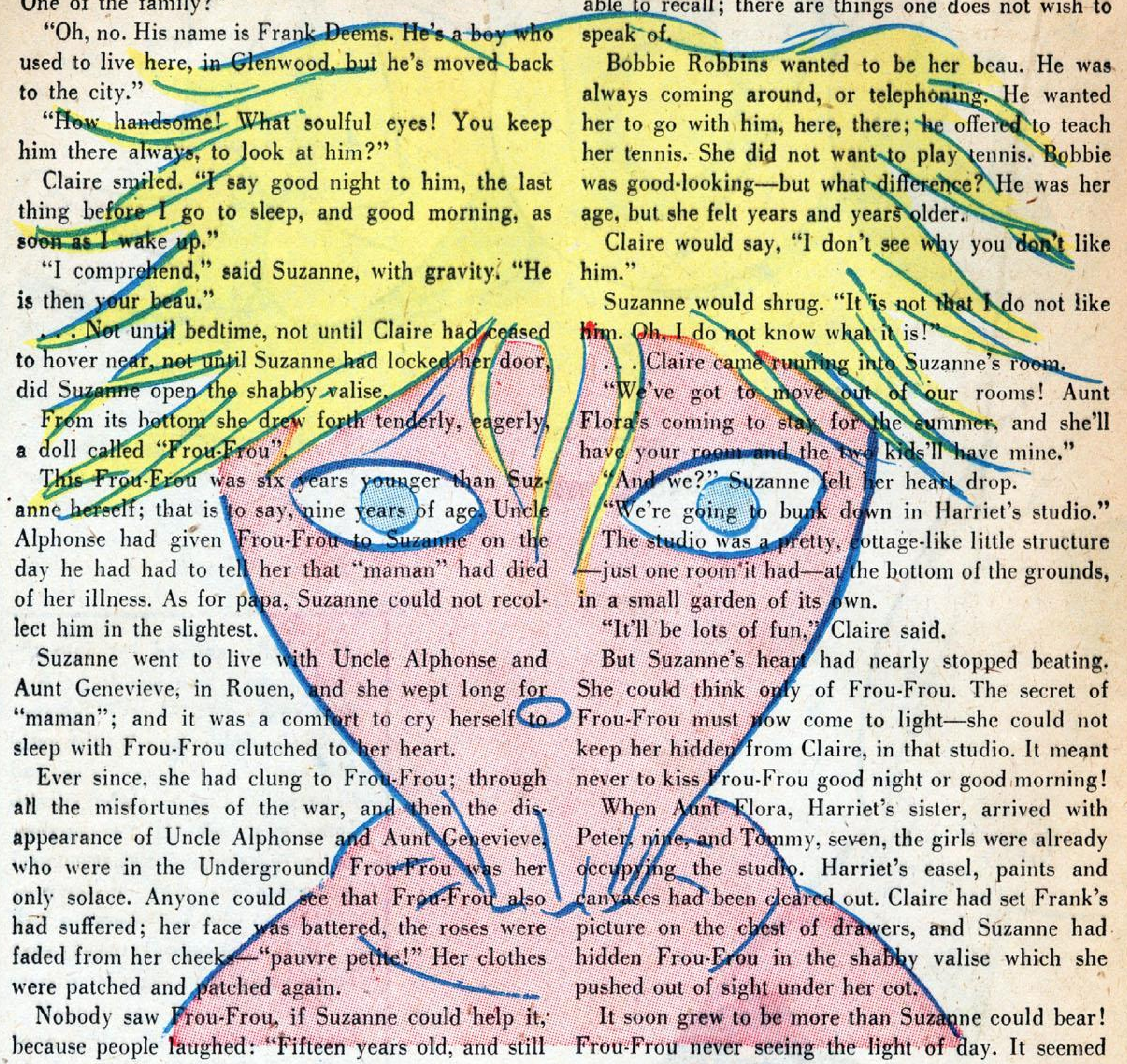
"It is enchanting! Oh, I shall be so happy here!"

"Shall I help you unpack?" Claire offered.

"Non—non! Merci!" Suzanne's haste was oddly nervous. The maid had brought up a single valise, shabby from its long, perilous travels. It held everything Suzanne possessed. To turn Claire's thoughts from the unpacking, Suzanne laughed. "My accent, it is awful—no? I had but two years English, altogether."

"You should hear *my* French!" And Claire laughed.

They went into Claire's room. "It is the same as mine—but to the every detail!" Suzanne cried in delight.



"Harriet thought you'd like it that way."

"Very much!" Suzanne's dark-brown eyes stopped at a photograph on the dresser. "Who is that? One of the family?"

"Oh, no. His name is Frank Deems. He's a boy who used to live here, in Glenwood, but he's moved back to the city."

"How handsome! What soulful eyes! You keep him there always, to look at him?"

Claire smiled. "I say good night to him, the last thing before I go to sleep, and good morning, as soon as I wake up."

"I comprehend," said Suzanne, with gravity. "He is then your beau."

. . . Not until bedtime, not until Claire had ceased to hover near, not until Suzanne had locked her door, did Suzanne open the shabby valise.

From its bottom she drew forth tenderly, eagerly, a doll called "Frou-Frou".

This Frou-Frou was six years younger than Suzanne herself; that is to say, nine years of age. Uncle Alphonse had given Frou-Frou to Suzanne on the day he had had to tell her that "maman" had died of her illness. As for papa, Suzanne could not recollect him in the slightest.

Suzanne went to live with Uncle Alphonse and Aunt Genevieve, in Rouen, and she wept long for "maman"; and it was a comfort to cry herself to sleep with Frou-Frou clutched to her heart.

Ever since, she had clung to Frou-Frou; through all the misfortunes of the war, and then the disappearance of Uncle Alphonse and Aunt Genevieve, who were in the Underground, Frou-Frou was her only solace. Anyone could see that Frou-Frou also had suffered; her face was battered, the roses were faded from her cheeks—"pauvre petite!" Her clothes were patched and patched again.

Nobody saw Frou-Frou, if Suzanne could help it, because people laughed: "Fifteen years old, and still playing with a doll!"

They did not know how Frou-Frou caused her to remember the beautiful house in Rouen, and Uncle Alphonse and Aunt Genevieve. Frou-Frou was all she had left of those times. When her heart was heavy with sadness, she squeezed Frou-Frou to her breast. "*We* know, Frou-Frou. We have been through it together." And, her tears falling on Frou-Frou's worn face, it seemed as if Frou-Frou wept along with her. And every night, she kissed Frou-Frou and soothed her to sleep, and every morning waked her. "Bon matin, ma petite!" But no one knew.

Every morning, early, Frou-Frou vanished into the closet, to pass the whole day in darkness on a top shelf.

. . . Suzanne was happy, indeed, in her new home. Claire's friends were *her* friends, now, and they were so kind to her! They did not ask about her experiences; they perceived how it would make her miserable to recall; there are things one does not wish to speak of.

Bobbie Robbins wanted to be her beau. He was always coming around, or telephoning. He wanted her to go with him, here, there; he offered to teach her tennis. She did not want to play tennis. Bobbie was good-looking—but what difference? He was her age, but she felt years and years older.

Claire would say, "I don't see why you don't like him."

Suzanne would shrug. "It is not that I do not like him. Oh, I do not know what it is!"

. . . Claire came running into Suzanne's room.

"We've got to move out of our rooms! Aunt Flora's coming to stay for the summer, and she'll have your room and the two kids'll have mine."

"And we?" Suzanne felt her heart drop.

"We're going to bunk down in Harriet's studio."

The studio was a pretty, cottage-like little structure—just one room it had—at the bottom of the grounds, in a small garden of its own.

"It'll be lots of fun," Claire said.

But Suzanne's heart had nearly stopped beating. She could think only of Frou-Frou. The secret of Frou-Frou must now come to light—she could not keep her hidden from Claire, in that studio. It meant never to kiss Frou-Frou good night or good morning!

When Aunt Flora, Harriet's sister, arrived with Peter, nine, and Tommy, seven, the girls were already occupying the studio. Harriet's easel, paints and canvases had been cleared out. Claire had set Frank's picture on the chest of drawers, and Suzanne had hidden Frou-Frou in the shabby valise which she pushed out of sight under her cot.

It soon grew to be more than Suzanne could bear! Frou-Frou never seeing the light of day. It seemed to her that Frou-Frou must languish and die, and all the good that had been in the past, would die with her. For all the hurts of the past, Suzanne did not want it to vanish utterly from her. It belonged to her, it was part of her. Less and less, then, did she wish to be aware of the present!

. . . "What *is* the matter?" Claire asked, at last, one night when they were going to bed. Suzanne sat on her cot, sobbing, and Claire rushed over and put her arms around her and drew her close. "Suzanne, what is it? Tell me!"

"I, too, say good night and good morning to someone—just like you, to your Frank, there," Suzanne sobbed.

"A boy?" Claire was all excitement.

Suzanne's answer was to drag the valise from under the cot; and then Claire was staring at the battered doll.

"This is Frou-Frou," said Suzanne, with a timid smile.

Not knowing what to reply, Claire said, smiling, "How do you do, Frou-Frou?"

They talked far into the summer's night. Claire did not laugh, not even once; nor as much as smile now.

. . . It was late, one summer's night, after a party at Barbara Mears'; once more Suzanne had been quite indifferent to Bobbie Robbins, who simply adored her; while Claire wished Suzanne would come to care for Bobbie, a little, anyway; she herself was so madly happy about Frank. Oh for Suzanne to be as happy!

"I think," Claire spoke quietly, brushing her blond hair, "Suzanne, dear, I think—if you could forget that old doll—"

"Forget Frou-Frou!" Suzanne cried, with a fierce, dark passion.

"I mean—you should think of *other* things, too!"

"I know what you mean, Claire. Bobbie Robbins! Well, let me tell you, that Bobbie, he is nothing to me! But nothing!"

Claire wished she had not spoken. It had only made matters worse.

Now when Suzanne went through that heart-breaking ritual with Frou-Frou, she would look at Claire in defiance. Claire, too, like all the others, could not comprehend what Frou-Frou meant to her! . . . One day, Harriet asked, "Is something wrong between you two girls, Claire?"

"I think I'll have to tell you, mother," Claire answered, with a sense of her own helplessness. "I'll just *have* to tell you, for Suzanne's sake. She's *very* unhappy, mother." From the terrace, they saw Suzanne walking slowly, broodingly, back and forth near the studio. "I said I wouldn't tell," Claire went on. "But—"

She got no further. Peter was shouting: "Fire! Fire!"

Red flames licked the studio. Smoke rolled out and sparks exploded from the windows.

"Fire! Fire!" yelled Peter, hopping from foot to foot. Little Tommy screeched: "Fire! Fire!"

Harriet sped inside, to the telephone. And what Claire then saw made her scream. Suzanne had plunged into the burning studio. Rooted in horror, Claire screamed: "Suzanne! Suzanne!"

An eternity hung suspended. Then—there was Suzanne, in the open, beating the sparks off her dress; and she came running across the lawn toward Claire. She held—not Frou-Frou, as Claire had expected her to—but the photograph of Frank—that precious photograph, untouched by the flames! Suzanne's eyes were red from the smoke; she panted and coughed.

"Here he is—your boy, quite safe."

"But Frou-Frou—!" Claire gasped.

"There was only a minute, and I could not get to save her. There was only a little minute, for your Frank. Here—take him, cherie."

"Oh! Frou-Frou!" Claire cried, as if Frou-Frou had been a living thing.

"It does not matter," said Suzanne. "In that one minute, I knew it did not matter, anymore. Frou-Frou—she was of the *past,* and maybe now it can be forgotten. But your Frank—you love him so, do you not? He is of the *present,* and it is the *present* which counts." A dimness came into Suzanne's eyes. "That is what my Uncle Alphonse used to say: 'It is the *present* which counts'."

The fire apparatus had clanged up, and a shouting crowd had gathered. The flames were quenched, the studio, all blackened, smoldered under a plume of gray smoke.

"It is the end of Frou-Frou," said Suzanne, smiling, but with a tremor in her voice. And she repeated, like an echo from far away: "The end of Frou-Frou."

"Now you're going to be happy—*truly* happy!" Claire cried.

"I think so—perhaps."

Claire said, hardly daring to breathe it, "There's Bobbie."

Suzanne smiled more freely than before. "I know what you mean, Claire. You are not very subtle, cherie. Well—I think maybe Bobbie is of the present, too, and I do, really, like him a great deal." She called out, brightly, "Hello, Bobbie."

He came hurrying over to them. "Hello, Suzanne. I heard a fireman say it must have been due to a defective wire."

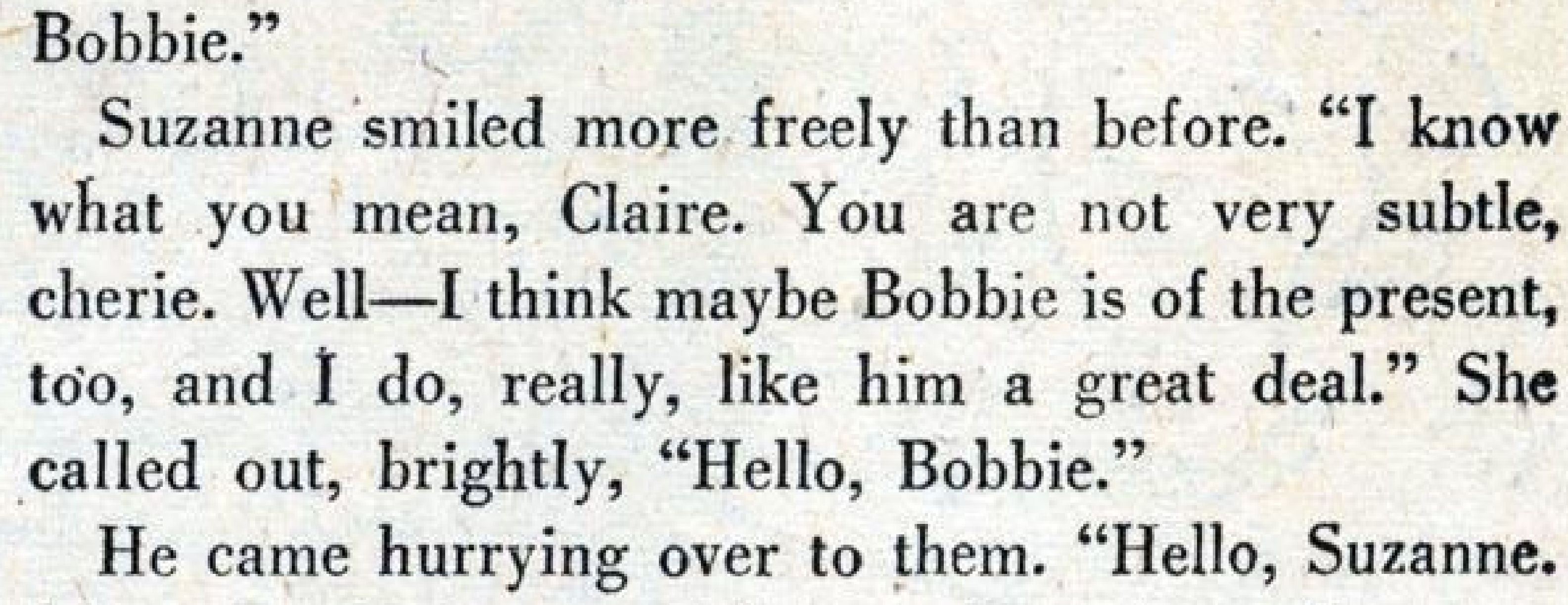
But all Suzanne said was, "I think, if you still want to, I'd like you to teach me tennis. I would very much like to learn that game—if you still want to."

"You bet I do!" said Bobbie.

And as Suzanne and Bobbie walked gaily off together, Harriet came up to Claire. "Now that the excitement's over, what was it you wanted to tell me about Suzanne?"

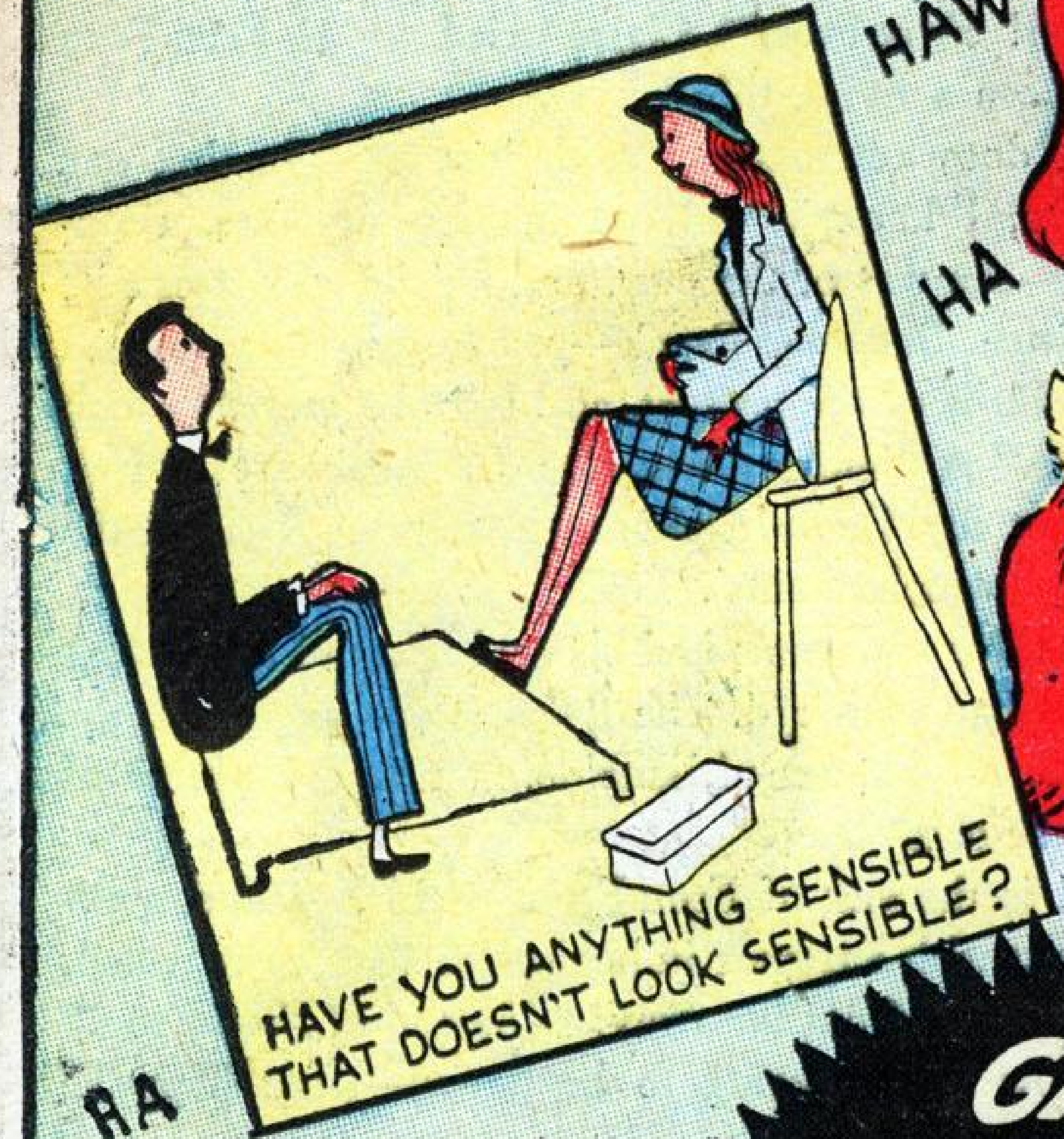
"Nothing . . . nothing at all, mom . . . it's been cleared up. Like they say in France, everything's 'tres bien'!"

THE END



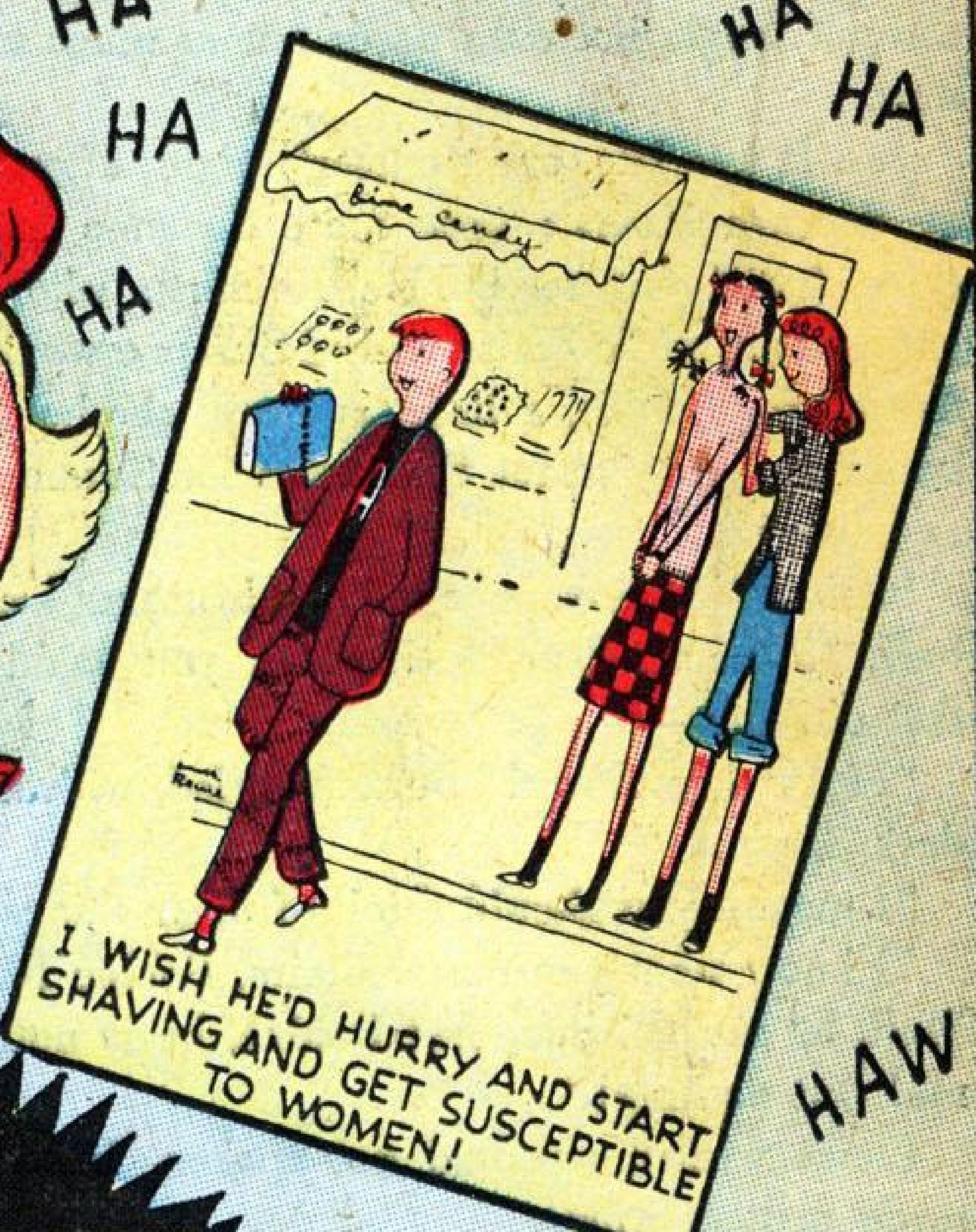
ROOTED IN HORROR, CLAIRE SCREAMED: "SUZANNE! SUZANNE!"

GRINS FOR GALS



HAVE YOU ANYTHING SENSIBLE THAT DOESN'T LOOK SENSIBLE?

HAW
HA
HA
HA
HA


fine candy
HA
HA

I WISH HE'D HURRY AND START SHAVING AND GET SUSCEPTIBLE TO WOMEN!

HAW
HA

GALS! DON'T FORGET!

MISS AMERICA WILL PAY $1 FOR EACH PUBLISHED JOKE SUBMITTED BY A PERSON AND DRAWN BY OUR ARTISTS

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY TO:

GRINS FOR GALS
SUITE 1407, 350 5TH AVE.
NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

HA
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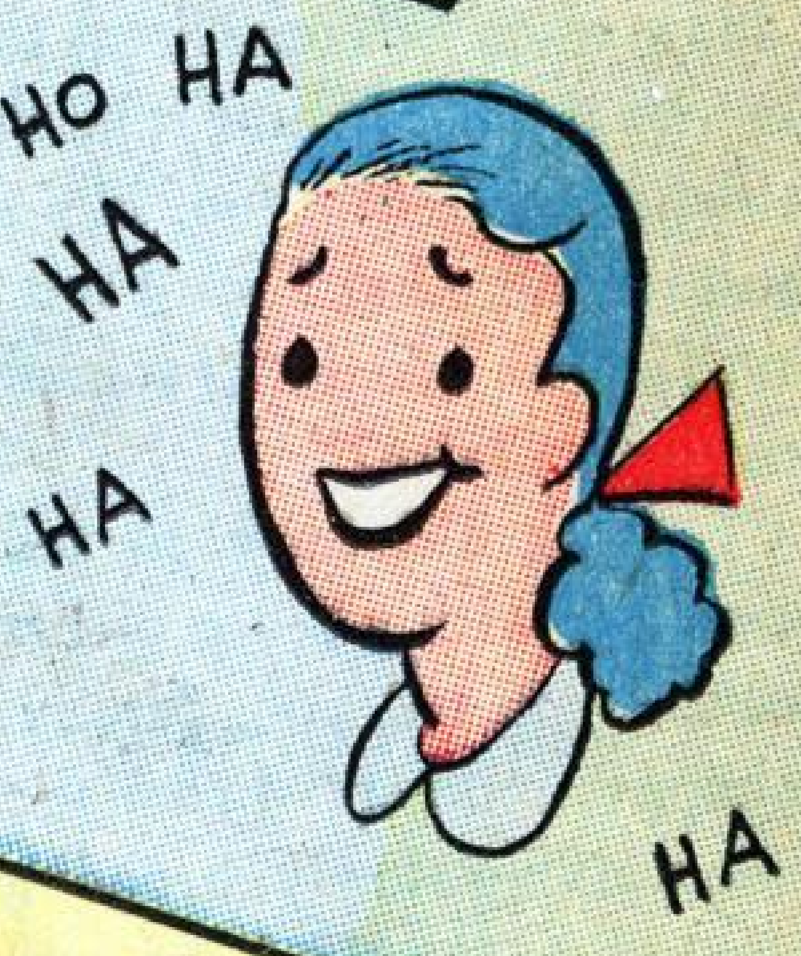
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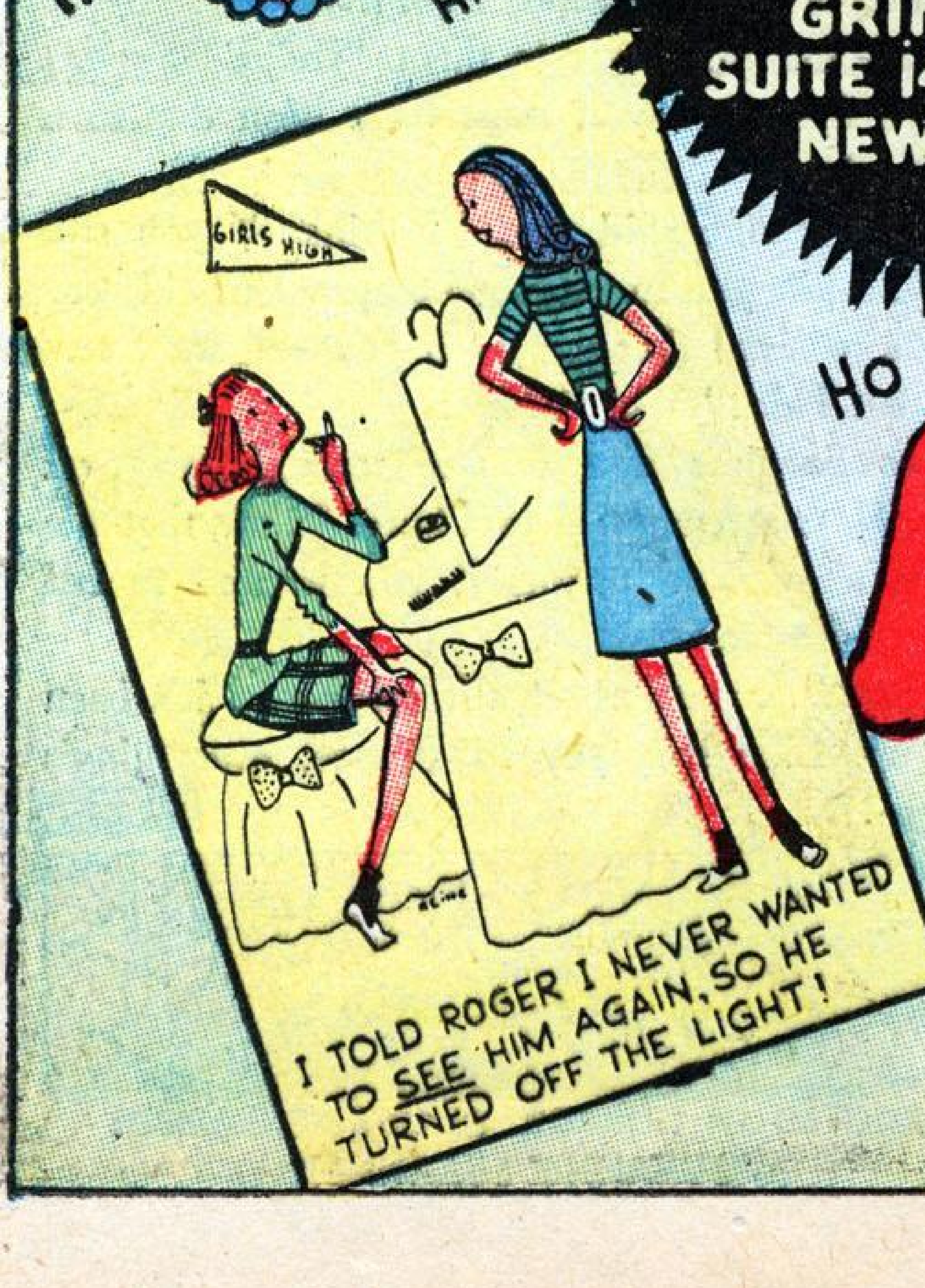
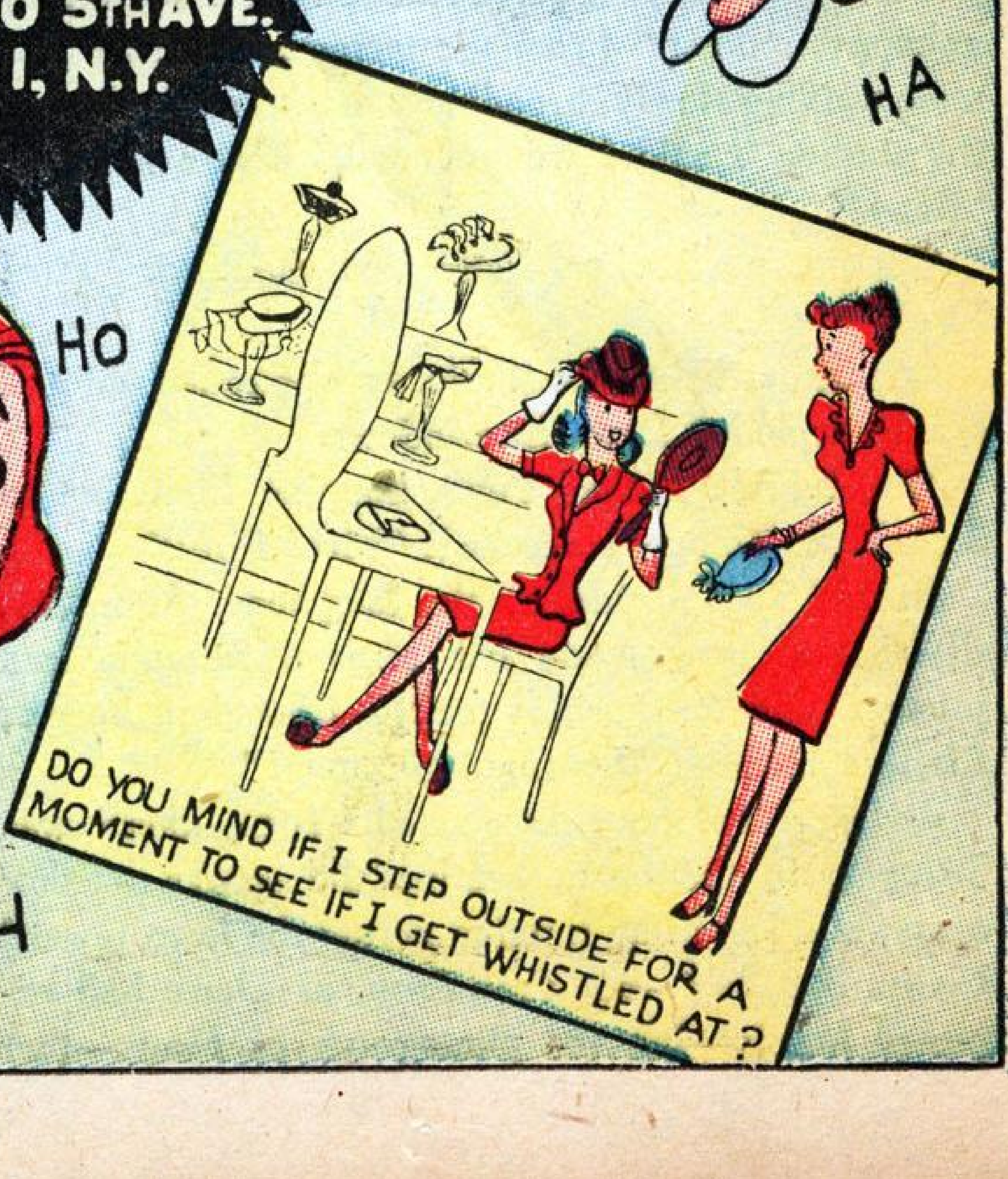
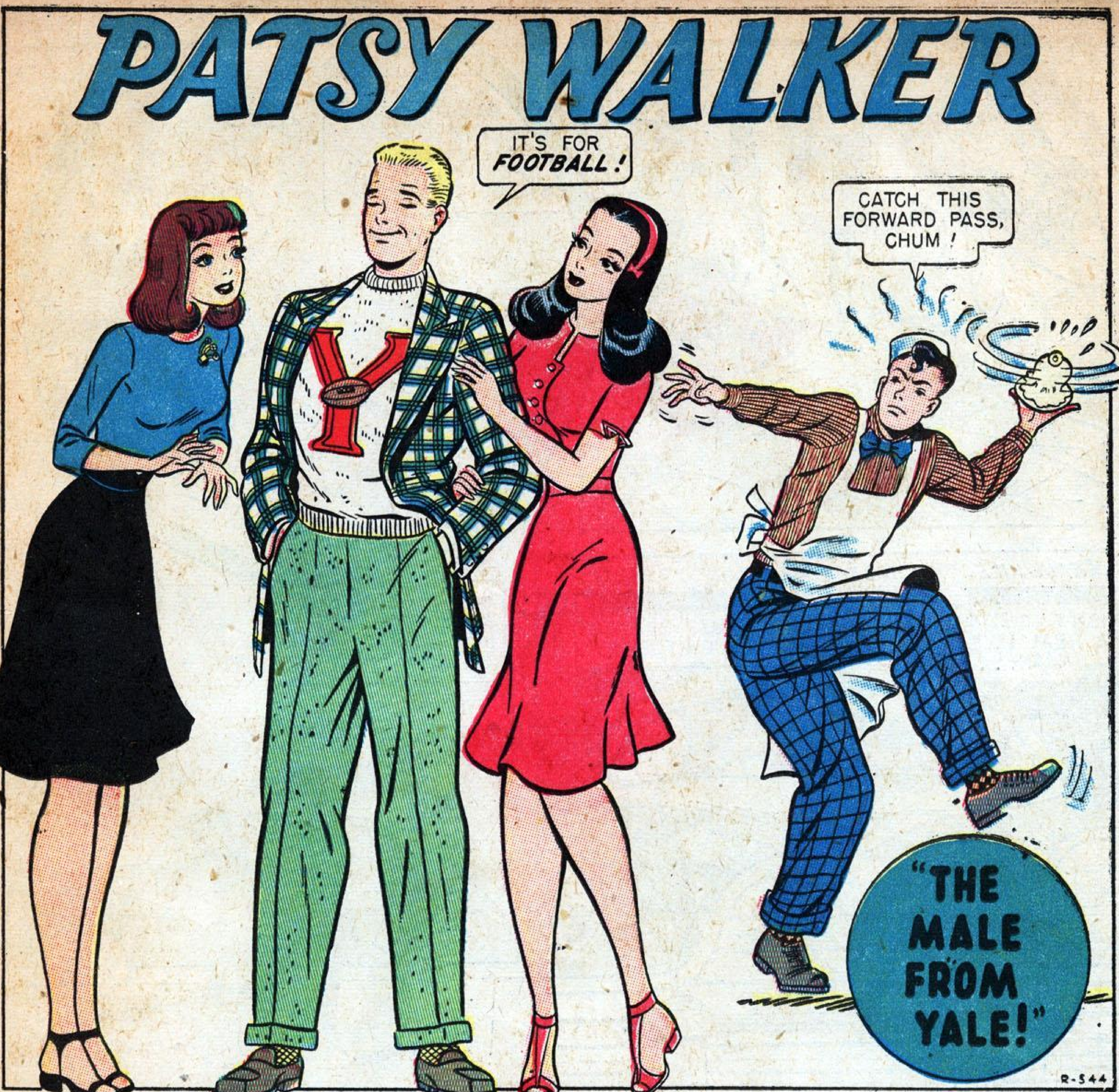
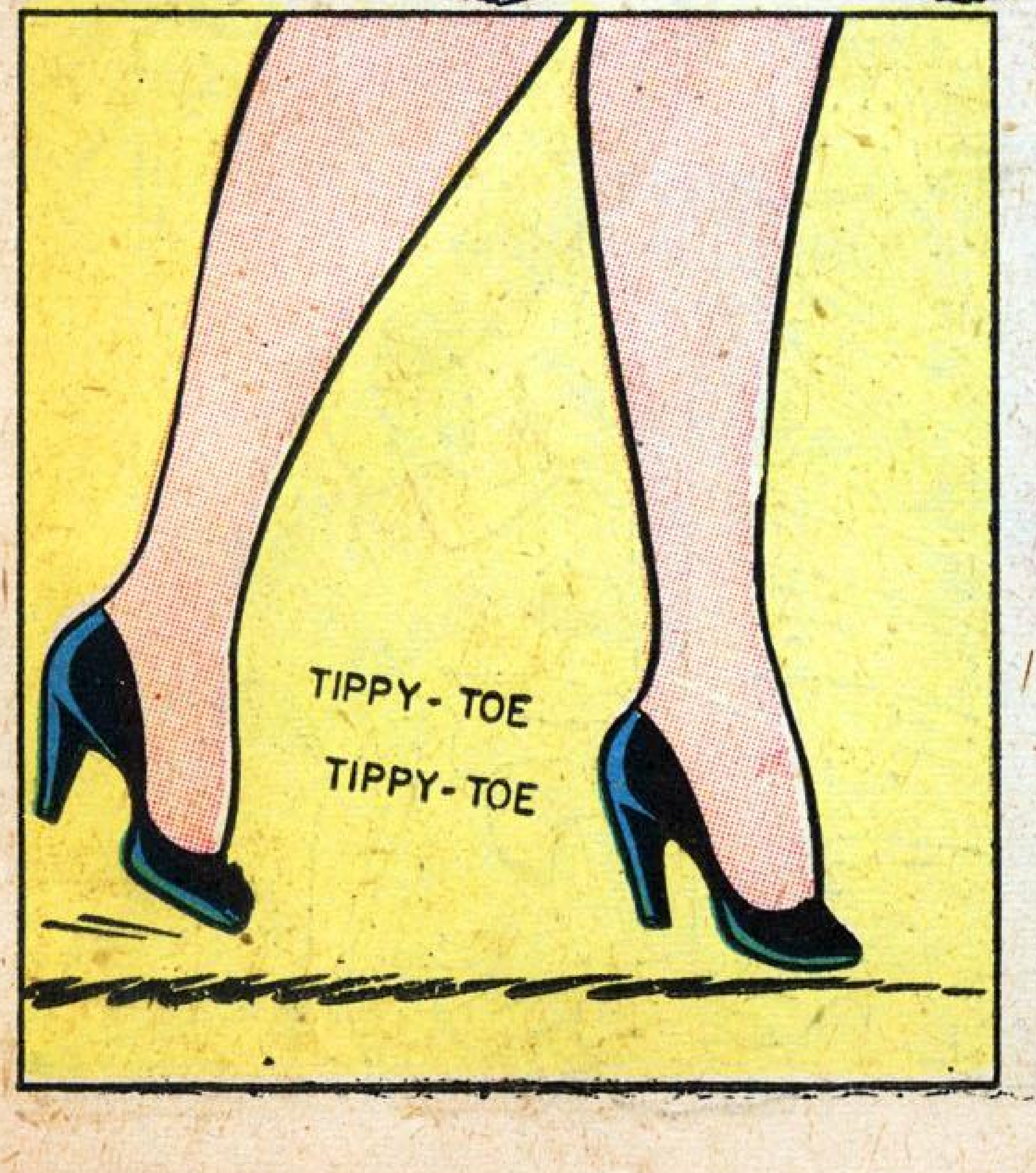


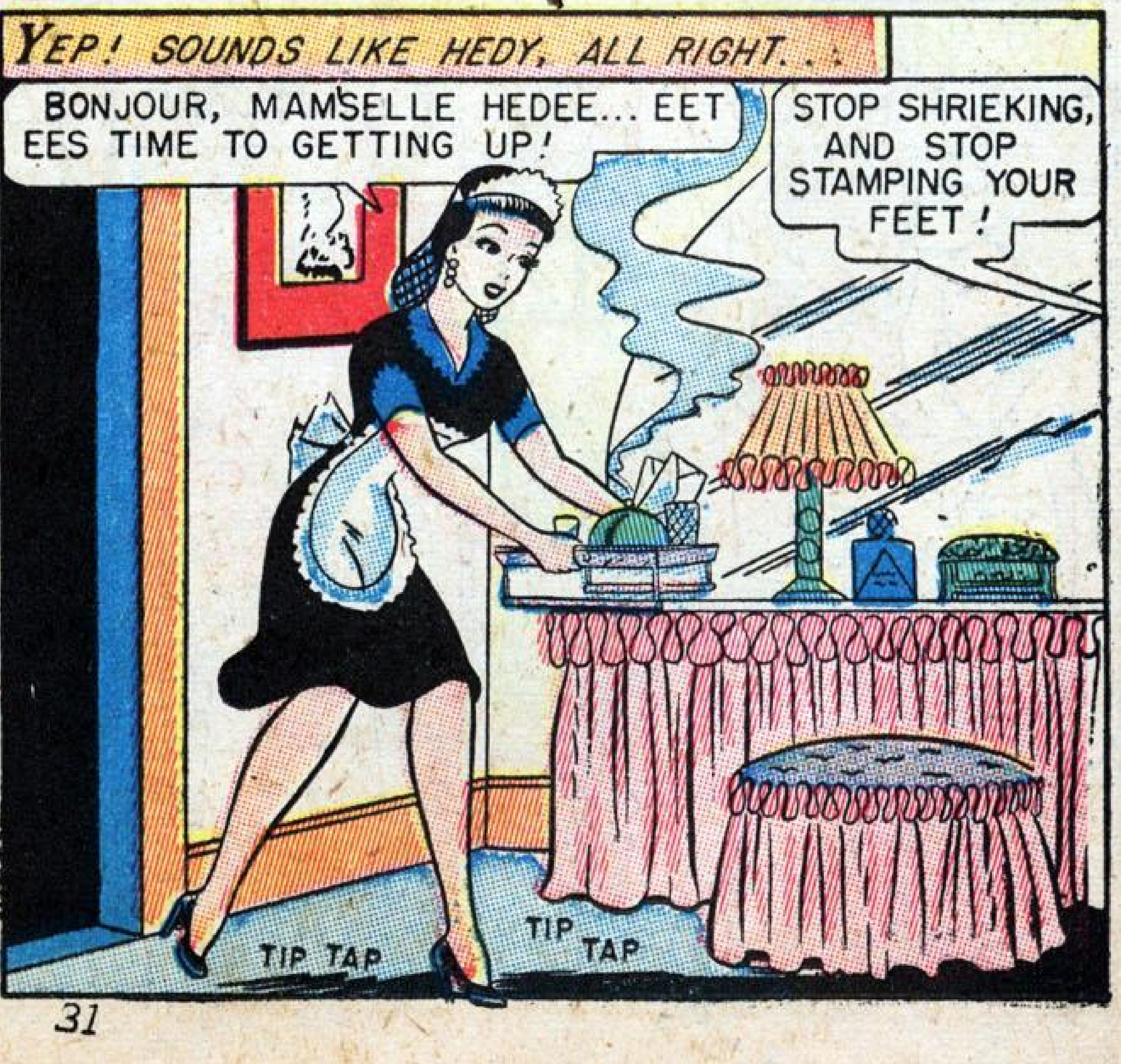
I TOLD ROGER I NEVER WANTED TO SEE HIM AGAIN, SO HE TURNED OFF THE LIGHT!

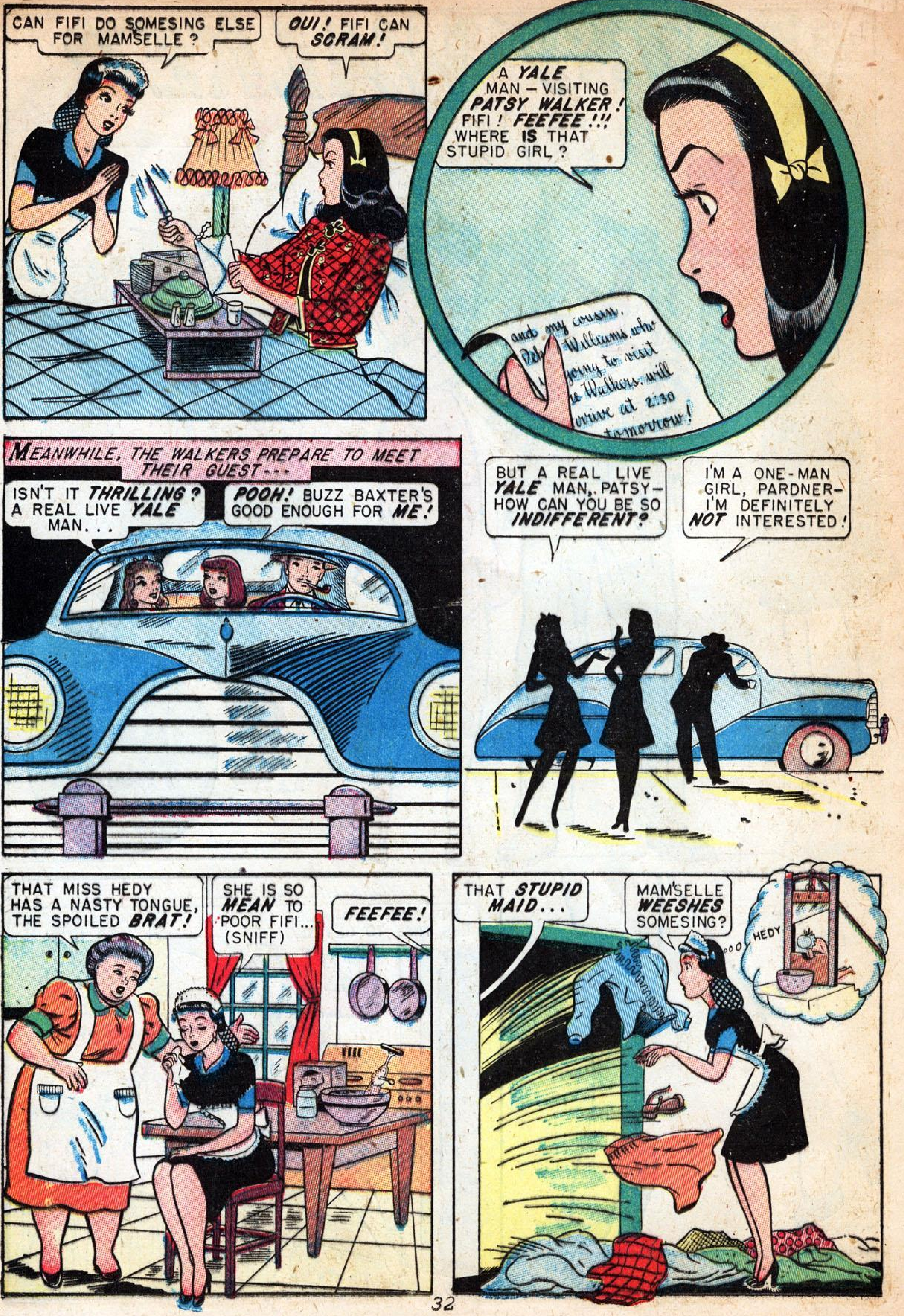


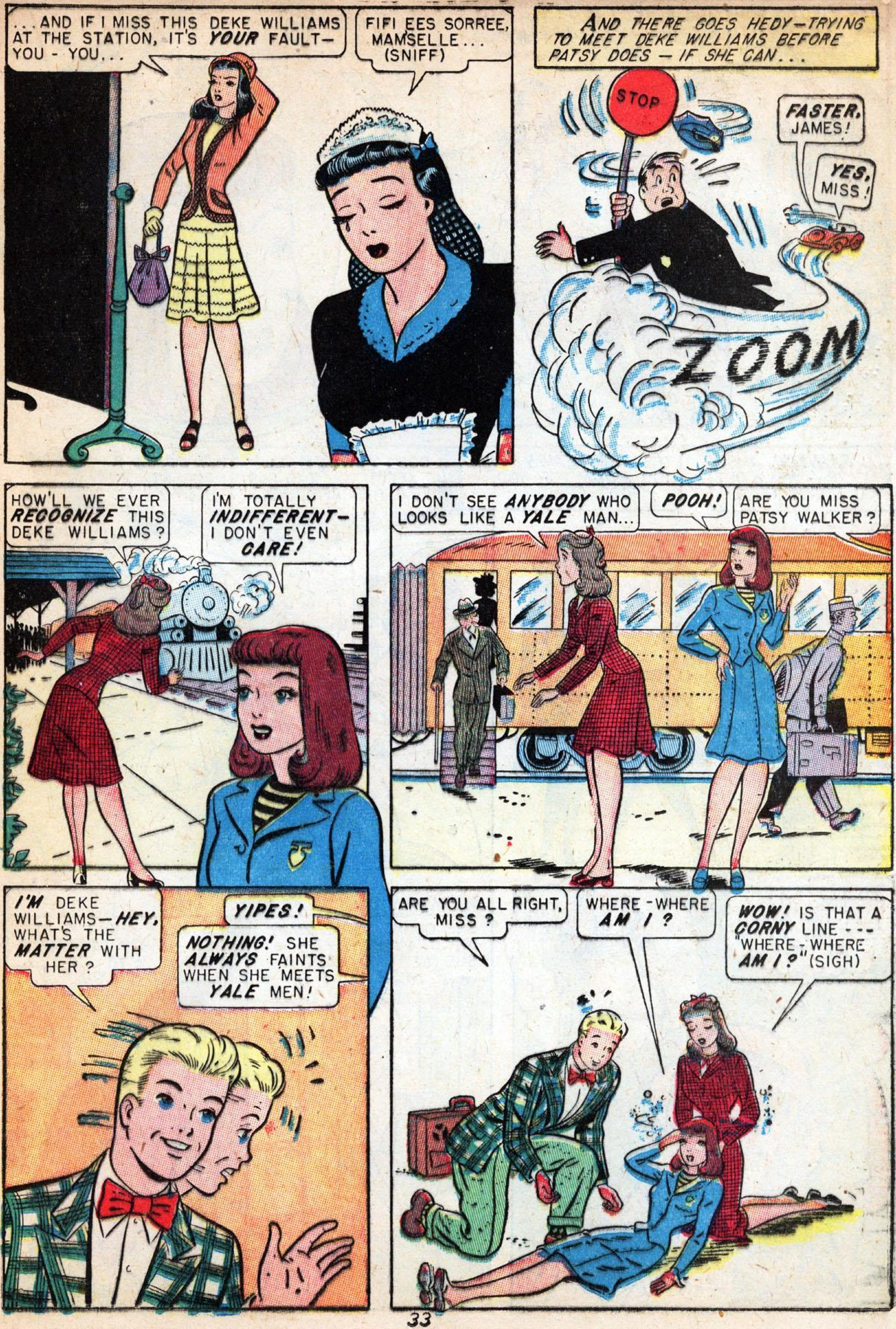
DO YOU MIND IF I STEP OUTSIDE FOR A MOMENT TO SEE IF I GET WHISTLED AT?

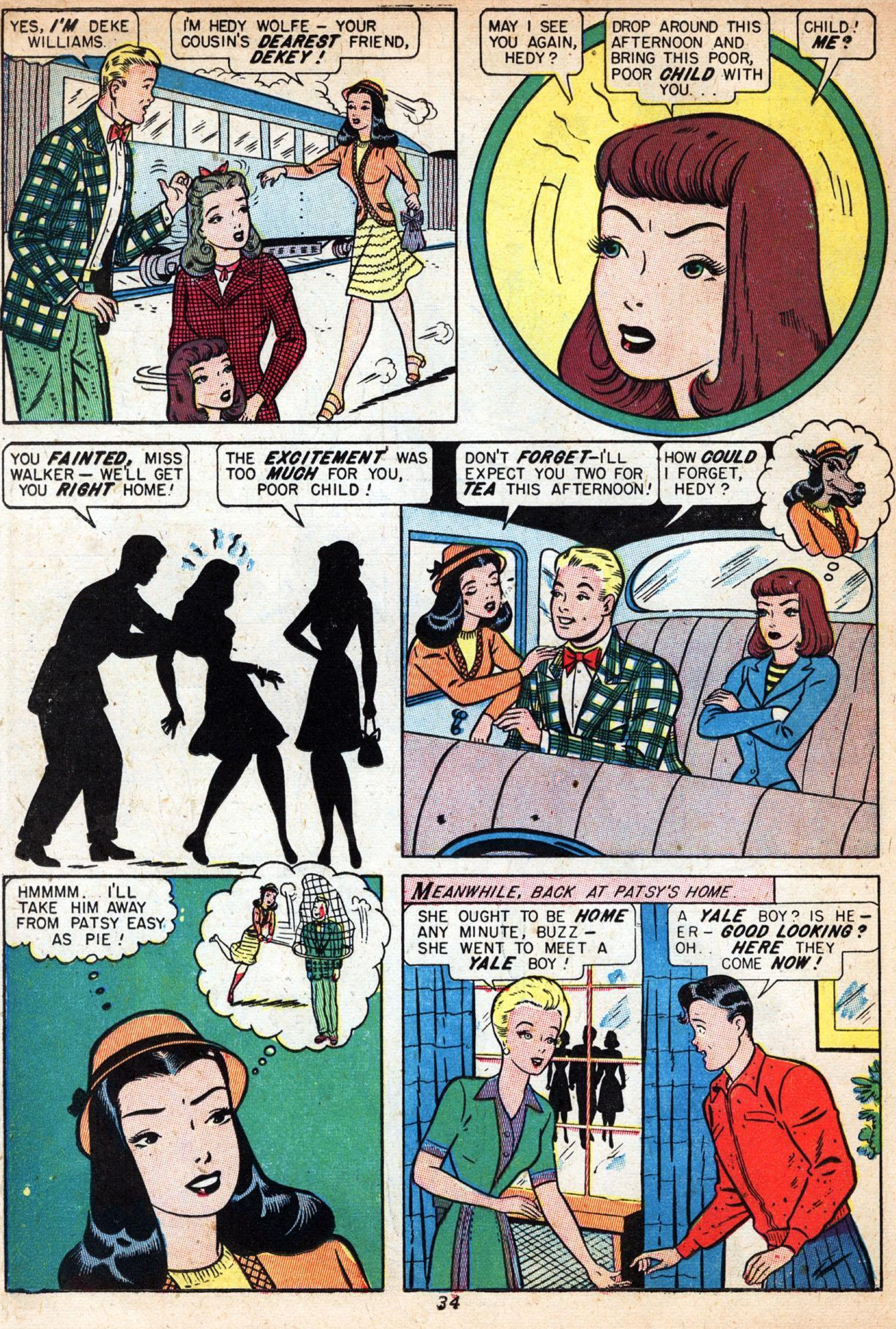

PATSY WALKER
IT'S FOR FOOTBALL!
CATCH THIS FORWARD PASS, CHUM!
"THE MALE FROM YALE!"
R-544

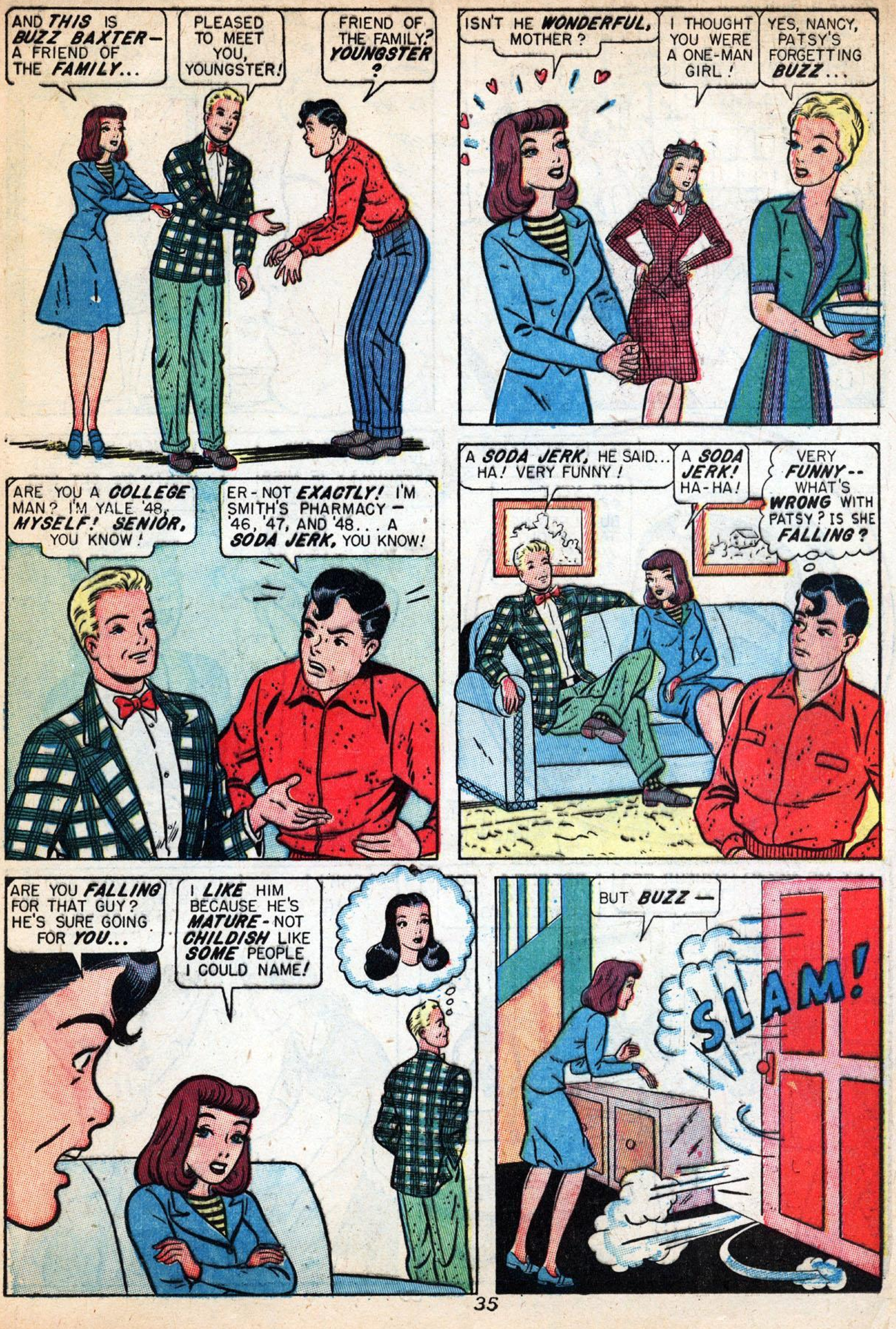

TIPPY-TOE
TIPPY-TOE

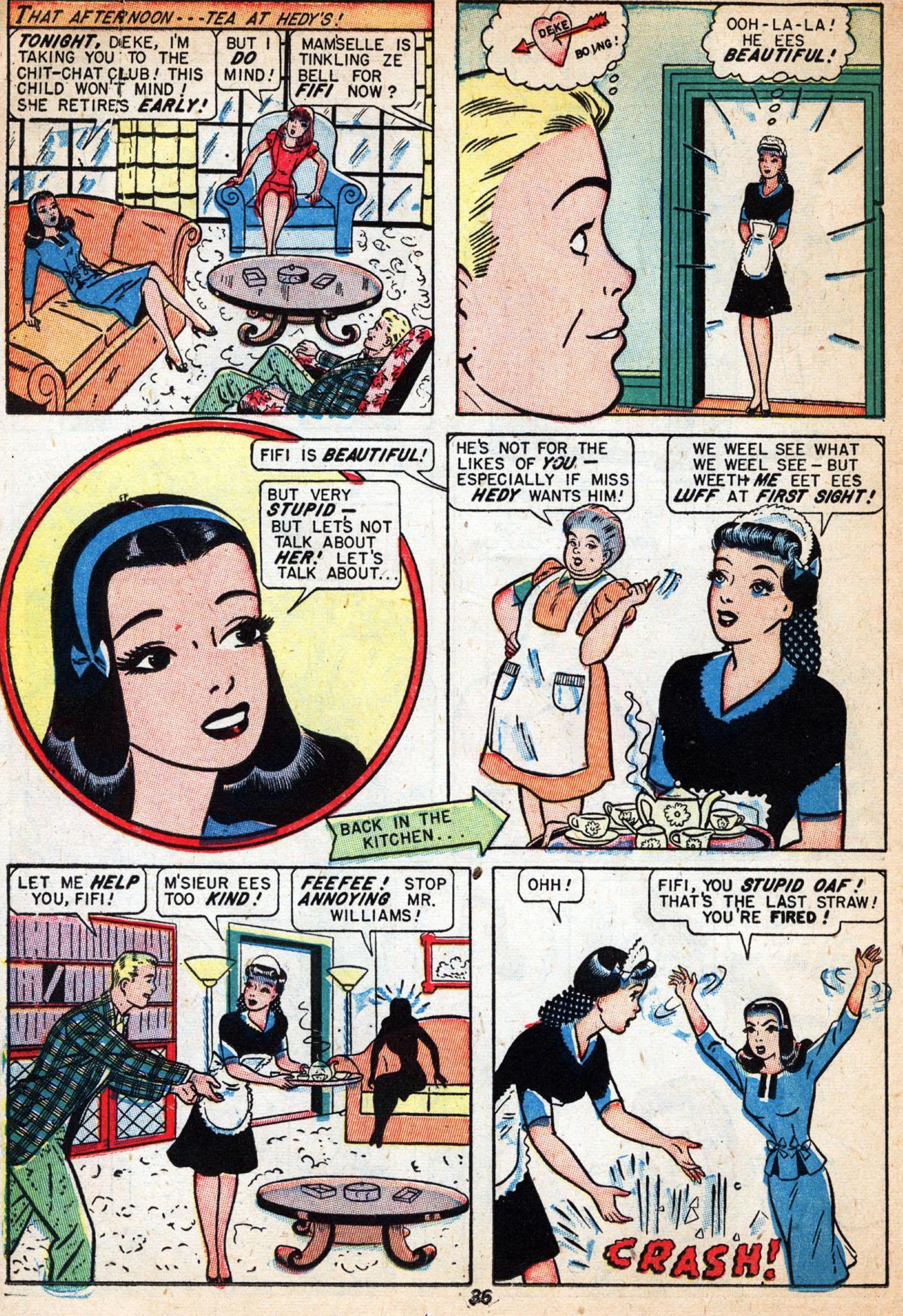

YEP! SOUNDS LIKE HEDY, ALL RIGHT...
BONJOUR, MAM'SELLE HEDEE... EET EES TIME TO GETTING UP!
STOP SHRIEKING, AND STOP STAMPING YOUR FEET!
TIP TAP
TIP TAP

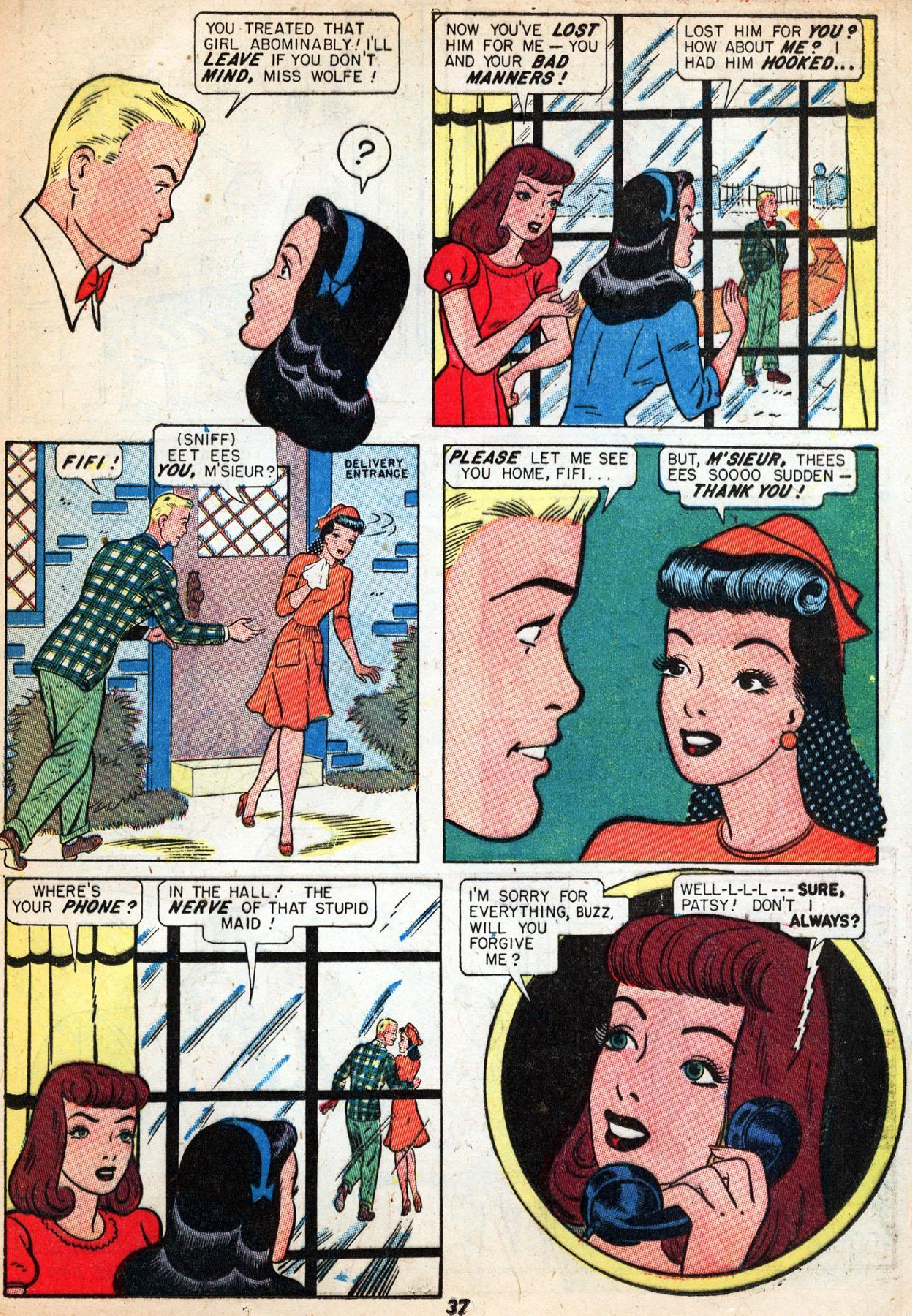

CAN FIFI DO SOMESING ELSE FOR MAMSELLE ?
OUI ! FIFI CAN SCRAM !
A YALE MAN – VISITING PATSY WALKER ! FIFI ! FEEFEE !!! WHERE IS THAT STUPID GIRL ?
and my cousin,
Deb Williams who
going to visit
e Walkers, will
rrive at 2:30
tomorrow!
MEANWHILE, THE WALKERS PREPARE TO MEET THEIR GUEST ---
ISN'T IT THRILLING ? A REAL LIVE YALE MAN . . .
POOH ! BUZZ BAXTER'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME !
BUT A REAL LIVE YALE MAN, PATSY– HOW CAN YOU BE SO INDIFFERENT ?
I'M A ONE-MAN GIRL, PARDNER– I'M DEFINITELY NOT INTERESTED !
THAT MISS HEDY HAS A NASTY TONGUE, THE SPOILED BRAT !
SHE IS SO MEAN TO POOR FIFI... (SNIFF)
FEEFEE !
THAT STUPID MAID . . .
MAM'SELLE WEESHES SOMESING ?
HEDY

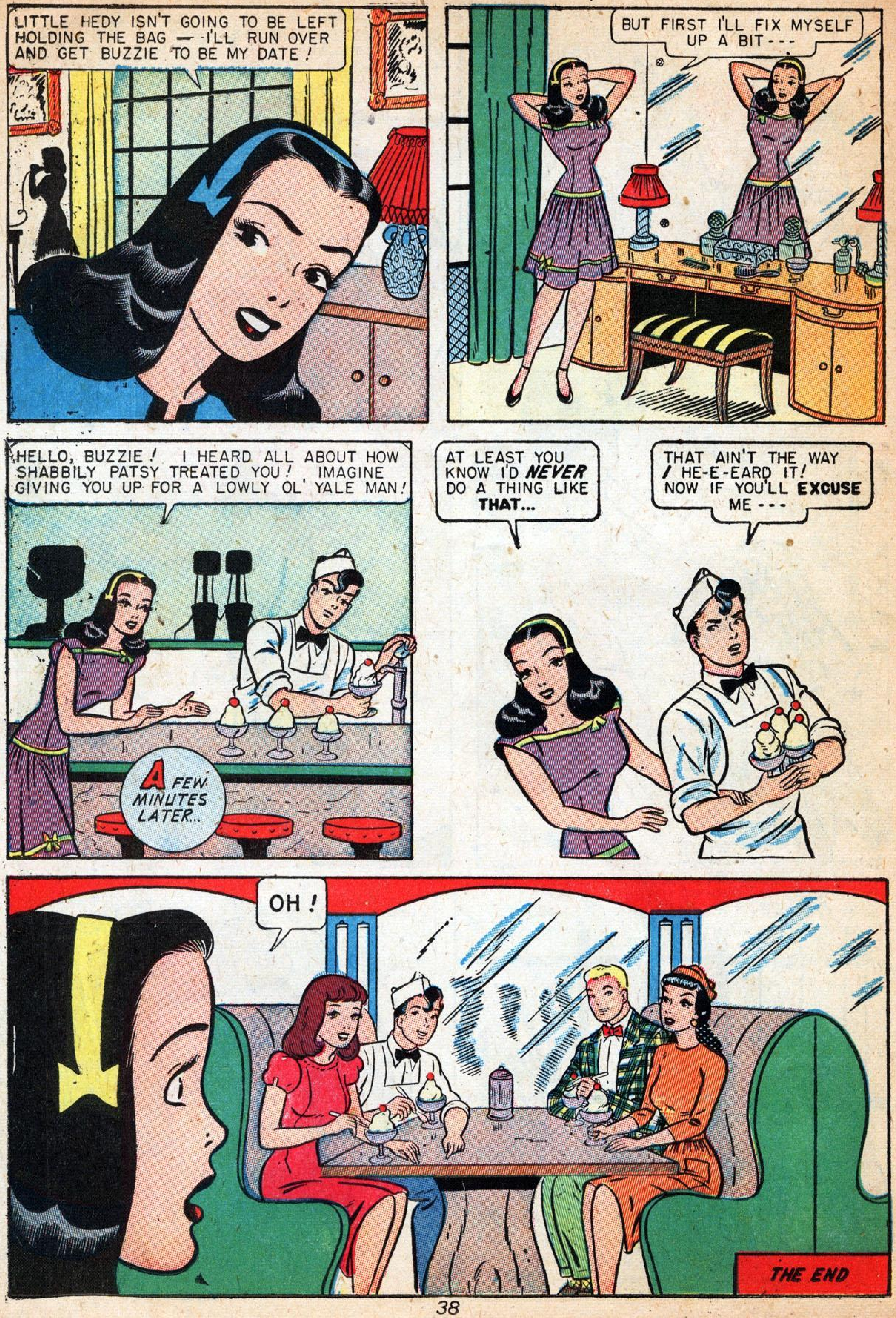

...AND IF I MISS THIS DEKE WILLIAMS AT THE STATION, IT'S **YOUR** FAULT— YOU - YOU...
FIFI EES SORREE, MAMSELLE... (SNIFF)
AND THERE GOES HEDY—TRYING TO MEET DEKE WILLIAMS BEFORE PATSY DOES—IF SHE CAN...
STOP
FASTER, JAMES!
YES, MISS!
ZOOM
HOW'LL WE EVER **RECOGNIZE** THIS DEKE WILLIAMS?
I'M TOTALLY **INDIFFERENT**— I DON'T EVEN **CARE!**
I DON'T SEE **ANYBODY** WHO LOOKS LIKE A **YALE** MAN...
POOH!
ARE YOU MISS PATSY WALKER?
I'M DEKE WILLIAMS—**HEY,** WHAT'S THE **MATTER** WITH HER?
YIPES!
NOTHING! SHE **ALWAYS** FAINTS WHEN SHE MEETS **YALE** MEN!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MISS?
WHERE-WHERE **AM I**?
WOW! IS THAT A **CORNY** LINE--- "WHERE-WHERE **AM I?**" (SIGH)


YES, I'M DEKE WILLIAMS.
I'M HEDY WOLFE – YOUR COUSIN'S DEAREST FRIEND, DEKEY!
MAY I SEE YOU AGAIN, HEDY?
DROP AROUND THIS AFTERNOON AND BRING THIS POOR, POOR CHILD WITH YOU. . .
CHILD! ME?
YOU FAINTED, MISS WALKER – WE'LL GET YOU RIGHT HOME!
THE EXCITEMENT WAS TOO MUCH FOR YOU, POOR CHILD!
DON'T FORGET–I'LL EXPECT YOU TWO FOR TEA THIS AFTERNOON!
HOW COULD I FORGET, HEDY?
HMMMM. I'LL TAKE HIM AWAY FROM PATSY EASY AS PIE!
MEANWHILE, BACK AT PATSY'S HOME
SHE OUGHT TO BE HOME ANY MINUTE, BUZZ – SHE WENT TO MEET A YALE BOY!
A YALE BOY? IS HE – ER – GOOD LOOKING? OH.. HERE THEY COME NOW!

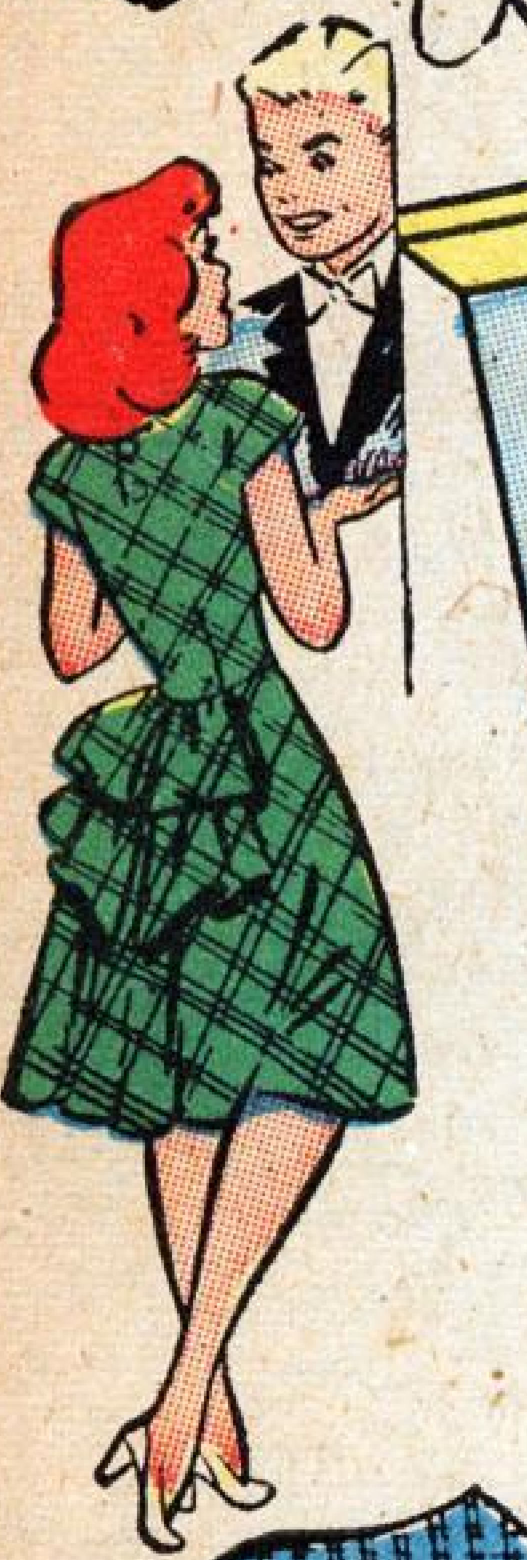

AND **THIS** IS **BUZZ BAXTER** — A FRIEND OF THE **FAMILY**...
PLEASED TO MEET YOU, YOUNGSTER!
FRIEND OF THE FAMILY? **YOUNGSTER** ?
ISN'T HE **WONDERFUL**, MOTHER?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE A ONE-MAN GIRL!
YES, NANCY, PATSY'S FORGETTING **BUZZ**...
ARE YOU A **COLLEGE** MAN? I'M YALE '48, **MYSELF! SENIOR,** YOU KNOW!
ER- NOT **EXACTLY!** I'M SMITH'S PHARMACY — '46, '47, AND '48... A **SODA JERK,** YOU KNOW!
A **SODA JERK,** HE SAID... HA! VERY FUNNY!
A **SODA JERK!** HA-HA!
VERY **FUNNY** -- WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH PATSY? IS SHE **FALLING**?
ARE YOU **FALLING** FOR THAT GUY? HE'S SURE GOING FOR **YOU**...
I **LIKE** HIM BECAUSE HE'S **MATURE** - NOT **CHILDISH** LIKE **SOME** PEOPLE I COULD NAME!
BUT **BUZZ** —
SLAM!

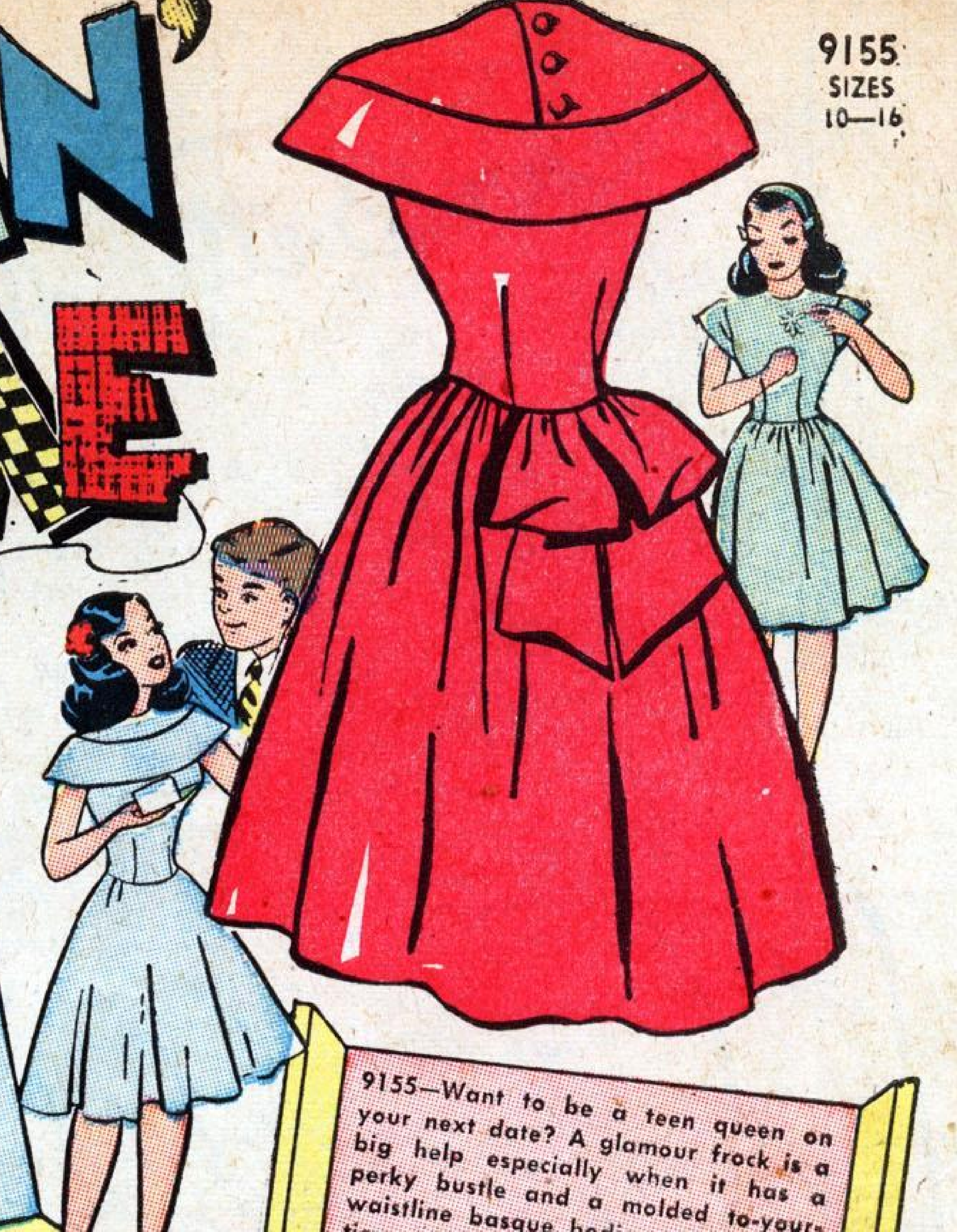

THAT AFTERNOON---TEA AT HEDY'S!
TONIGHT, DEKE, I'M TAKING YOU TO THE CHIT-CHAT CLUB! THIS CHILD WON'T MIND! SHE RETIRES EARLY!
BUT I DO MIND!
MAMSELLE IS TINKLING ZE BELL FOR FIFI NOW?
DEKE
BOING!
OOH-LA-LA! HE EES BEAUTIFUL!
FIFI IS BEAUTIFUL!
BUT VERY STUPID— BUT LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT HER! LET'S TALK ABOUT...
HE'S NOT FOR THE LIKES OF YOU— ESPECIALLY IF MISS HEDY WANTS HIM!
WE WEEL SEE WHAT WE WEEL SEE—BUT WEETH ME EET EES LUFF AT FIRST SIGHT!
BACK IN THE KITCHEN...
LET ME HELP YOU, FIFI!
M'SIEUR EES TOO KIND!
FEEFEE! STOP ANNOYING MR. WILLIAMS!
OHH!
FIFI, YOU STUPID OAF! THAT'S THE LAST STRAW! YOU'RE FIRED!
CRASH!


YOU TREATED THAT GIRL ABOMINABLY! I'LL *LEAVE* IF YOU DON'T *MIND*, MISS WOLFE!
?
NOW YOU'VE *LOST* HIM FOR ME — YOU AND YOUR *BAD MANNERS*!
LOST HIM FOR *YOU*? HOW ABOUT *ME*? I HAD HIM *HOOKED*...
FIFI!
(SNIFF) EET EES *YOU*, M'SIEUR?
DELIVERY ENTRANCE
PLEASE LET ME SEE YOU HOME, FIFI...
BUT, *M'SIEUR*, THEES EES SOOOO SUDDEN — *THANK YOU*!
WHERE'S YOUR *PHONE*?
IN THE HALL! THE *NERVE* OF THAT STUPID MAID!
I'M SORRY FOR EVERYTHING, BUZZ, WILL YOU FORGIVE ME?
WELL-L-L-L --- **SURE**, PATSY! DON'T I **ALWAYS?**


LITTLE HEDY ISN'T GOING TO BE LEFT HOLDING THE BAG — -I'LL RUN OVER AND GET BUZZIE TO BE MY DATE!
BUT FIRST I'LL FIX MYSELF UP A BIT---
HELLO, BUZZIE! I HEARD ALL ABOUT HOW SHABBILY PATSY TREATED YOU! IMAGINE GIVING YOU UP FOR A LOWLY OL' YALE MAN!
A FEW MINUTES LATER..
AT LEAST YOU KNOW I'D NEVER DO A THING LIKE THAT...
THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HE-E-EARD IT! NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME---
OH!
THE END

STITCHIN' TIME



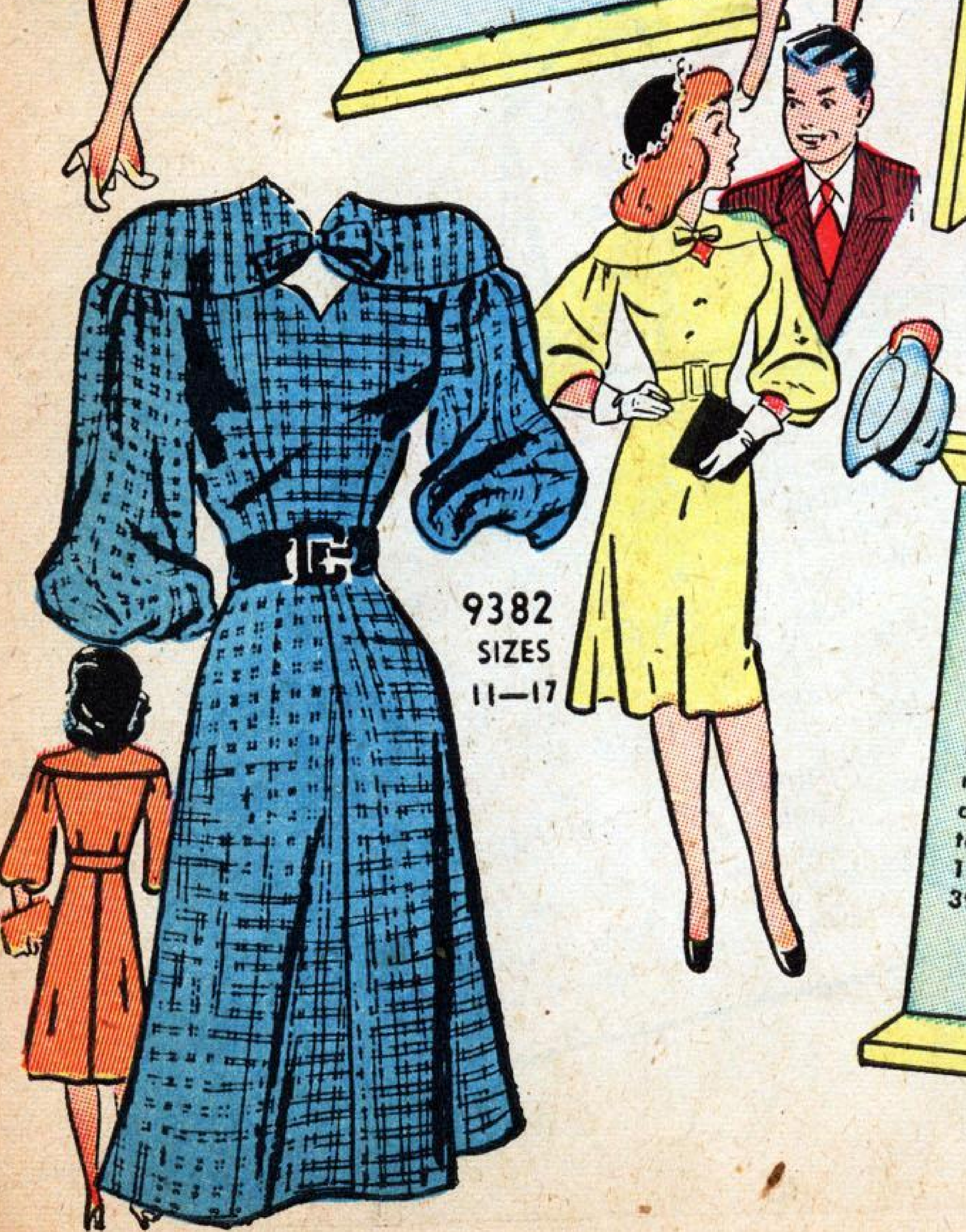


9155
SIZES
10—16

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (in coins) for each pattern to MISS AMERICA, Pattern Department, Box 235, Station O, New York 11, New York.

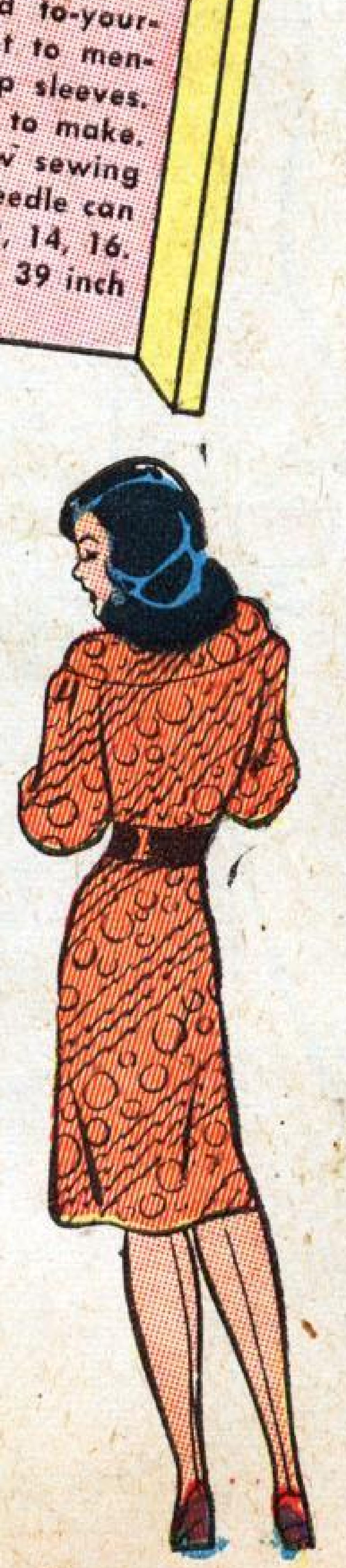
FIFTEEN CENTS more for the Pattern book with a free pattern printed in the book.

9155—Want to be a teen queen on your next date? A glamour frock is a big help especially when it has a perky bustle and a molded to-your waistline basque bodice—not to mention a bertha collar and cap sleeves. In addition, it's a dress easy to make. Any one who has had a few sewing lessons or is quick with the needle can make it. Teen-age sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12 frock takes 2⅞ yards 39 inch fabric.



9382
SIZES
11—17

9382—A casual dress for a casual date! Wear the new yoke, a wide belt to belittle your waist and full push-up sleeves. Make it of wool or flannel, in checks or plaids, or of rayon in the high fall colors. It's a Jr. Miss pattern in sizes 11, 13, 15, 17. Size 13 takes 3 yards 39-inch material.

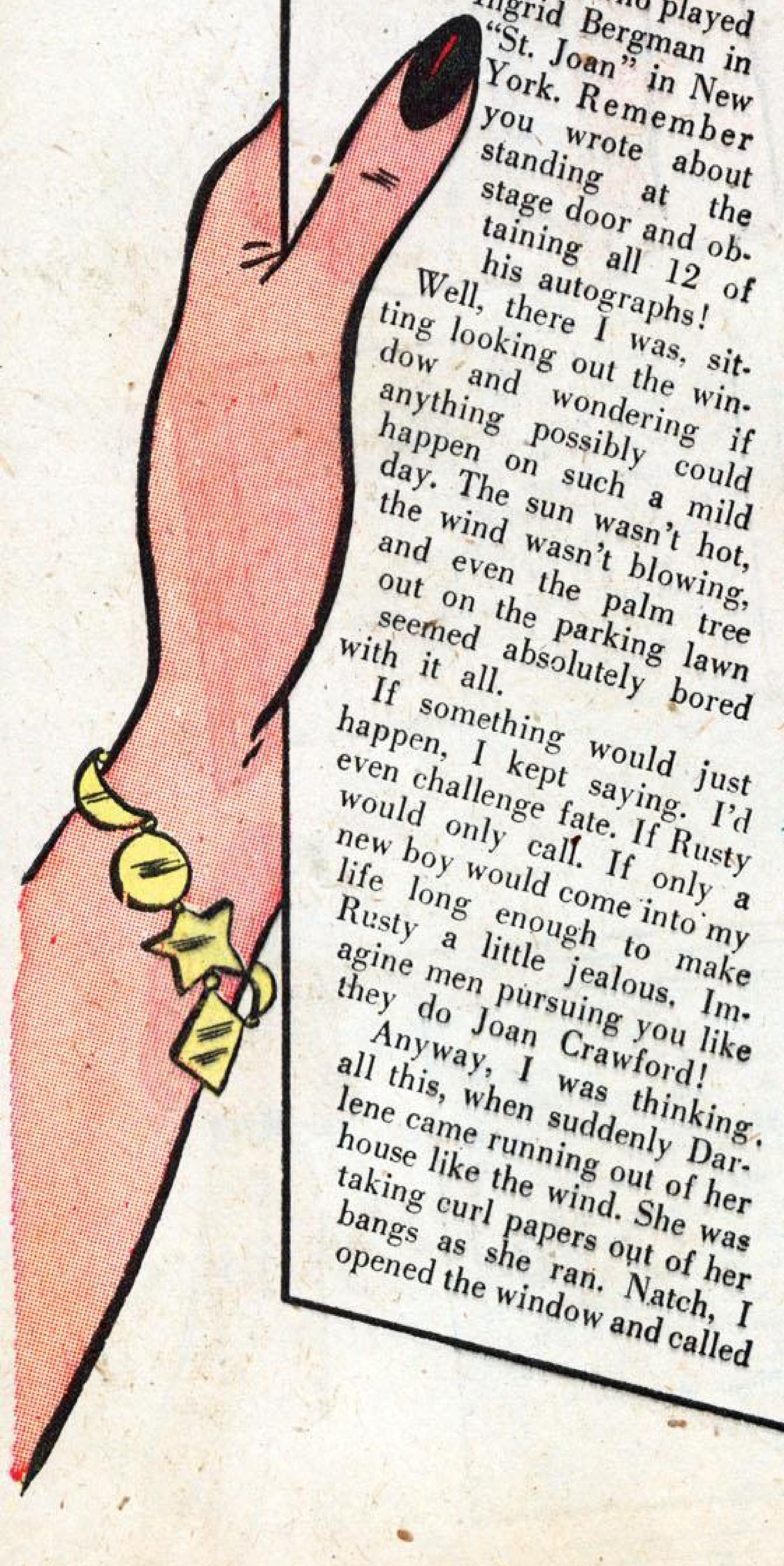


IT'S A HEAD-ON COLLISION FOR OUR FAVORITE HOLLYWOOD COED!

VICKY'S LATEST ESCAPADE . . . A BRUSH WITH SWOONY VAN JOHNSON

Dear Betty Ann—

Hollywood, Calif.



Dear Betty Ann: There I was, looking out the window and wishing something exciting would happen in my life. Why wasn't I born a Betty Hutton, or better still, a Joan Crawford? Joan seems to get all of the breaks —the Academy Award, and Peter Shaw, and even your Sam Wanamaker, who played opposite Ingrid Bergman in "St. Joan" in New York. Remember you wrote about standing at the stage door and obtaining all 12 of his autographs!

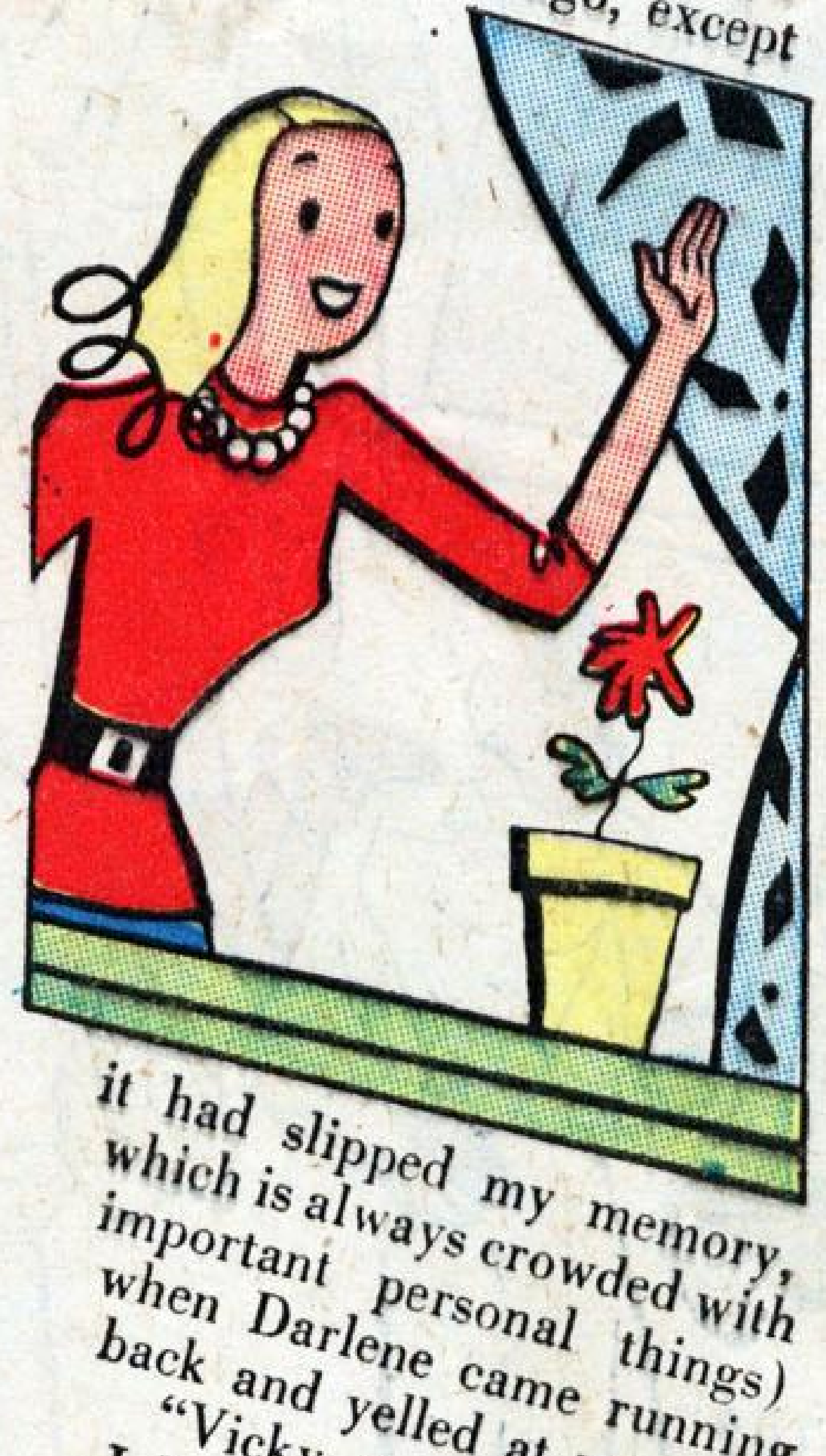
Well, there I was, sitting looking out the window and wondering if anything possibly could happen on such a mild day. The sun wasn't hot, the wind wasn't blowing, and even the palm tree out on the parking lawn seemed absolutely bored with it all.

If something would just happen, I kept saying. I'd even challenge fate. If Rusty would only call. If only a new boy would come into my life long enough to make Rusty a little jealous. Imagine men pursuing you like they do Joan Crawford!

Anyway, I was thinking all this, when suddenly Darlene came running out of her house like the wind. She was taking curl papers out of her bangs as she ran. Natch, I opened the window and called out, "Where's the fire?"

Darlene just ran all the faster.

Well, you might expect that of a girl like Darlene. No manners—absolutely no manners at all. Just none. In times like a crisis, manners always show.



I was closing the window, and deciding that I'd better go out back and weed the petunia bed (like Moms had asked two weeks ago, except it had slipped my memory, which is always crowded with important personal things) when Darlene came running back and yelled at me.

"Vicky, you *do* know Van Johnson? On your honor, you know him to speak to him!"

"Naturally," I replied, very cool like.

"Then come with me," Darlene said, "I have a tip straight from my cousin at Domer's shop that Van is there right now. If we run we'll catch him."

Luckily I was dressed for any eventuality. So I hopped out the window and dashed with Darlene.

Betts, sure enough Van was standing right out in front of Domer's, and he had a large can of fancy cheese blintzes opened, and he was standing there eating them with a crowd of his fans.

It's ridic how the girls giggle around Van. He's soooo wonderful, just like he was in "High Barbaree". Betts, I saw that picture 22 times by actual count. If I see it two more times I'll be eligible to become a member of his local league. You have to see a Van Johnson picture two dozen times to be eligible!

Well, anyway, I said "Hello, Van," very casually, like I was walking into the Domer Shop to shop.

"Hello, there," Van replied.

"I'm glad you remember me, Mr. Johnson," I returned, with poise that even Eleanore King, the charm expert, would be proud to observe.

Darlene was all gibberish. She said, "I just love you on the screen, Vannie. Will you please sign an autograph for me here on my sweater?"

Then, "Right here over my heart, please," she indicated.

Van actually blushed. Being a natural redhead he blushes very easily, you know. But he obligingly signed it.

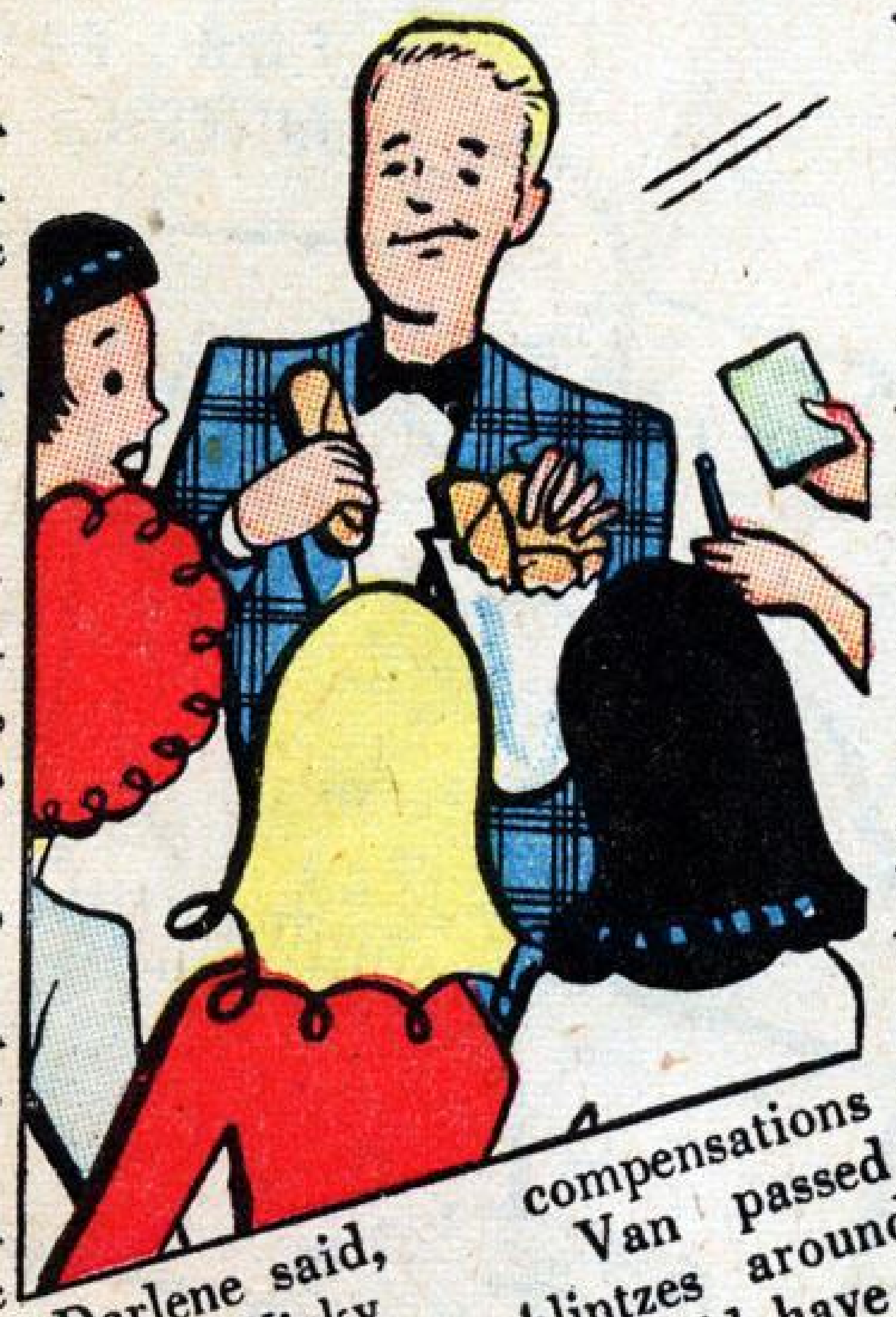
"Naturally, I remember you, but I'm trying to remember where . . ." Van turned to me, by way of conversation.

I was dying to have an autograph on my blouse, but I just wouldn't be so juvenile as Darlene to ask for one.

"We've met many times," I said. Which is truthful when you count up all the times I see Van in the movies, and in my dreams.

Then I said, with dignity and poise, that made Van pay particular attention to me, "I think the first time was at Hollywood High School, and the candy bazaar raffle—about two years ago."

"Of course," said Van, "I well remember. How's Elizabeth?"



I knew Lizbeth would just die with joy when she heard that Van had asked for her.

"Her father's a good carpenter, and Lizbeth's a nice girl," he smiled. Imagine how thoughtful Van is. Really!

"You should see Lizbeth now," Darlene said, "She's lost 30 pounds. Vicky got her so glamorous conscious that she almost starved herself to death."

"Really," Van said, his eyebrows indicating concern by raising slightly.

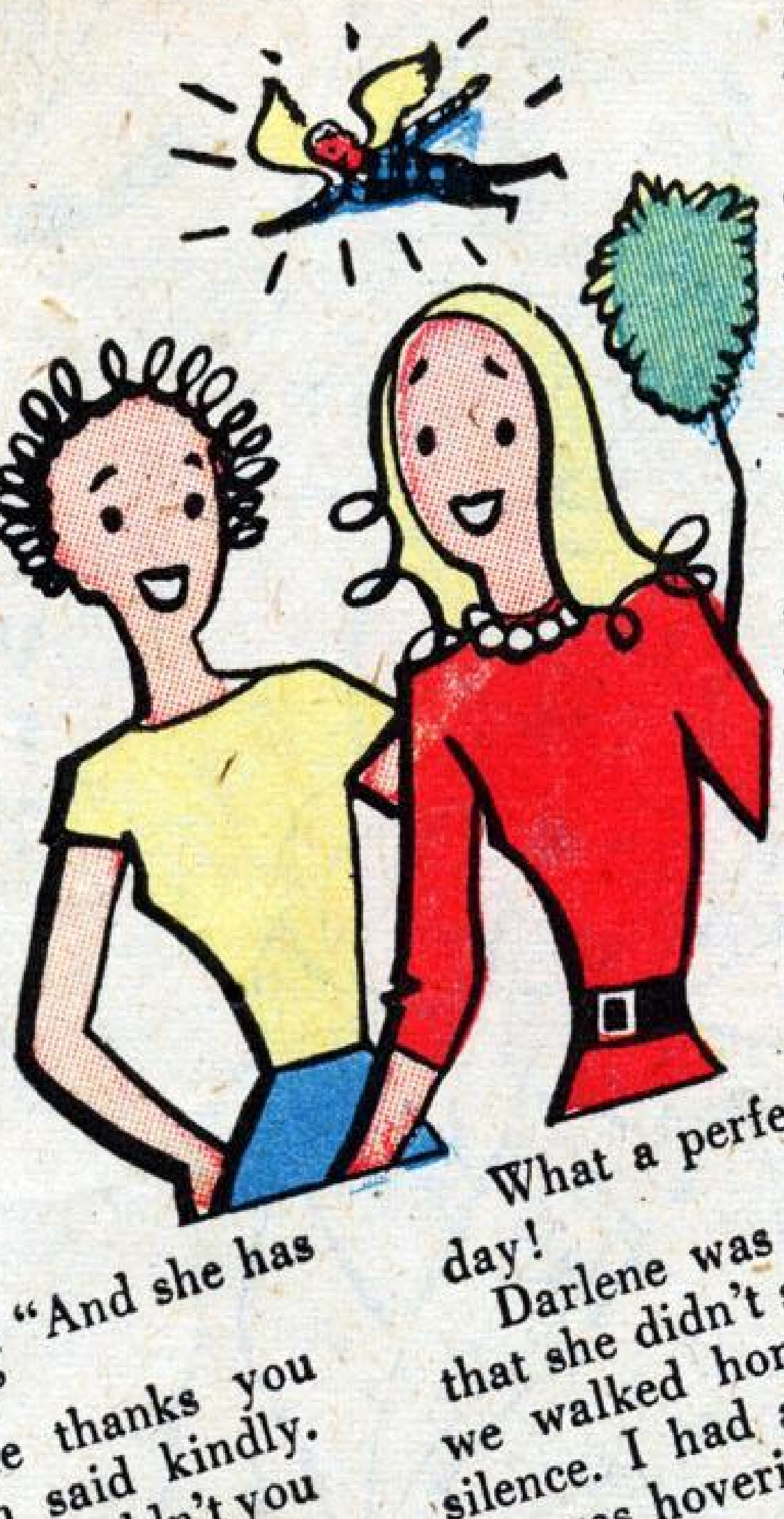
"She's quite well now," I said, wishing Darlene would keep her mouth shut. She made me sound like an awful ogre who'd forced Lizbeth to starve to death.

"Lizbeth's so slim and beautiful now," I added. "And she has lots of beaux."

"I'll bet she thanks you for that," Van said kindly. Wouldn't you just know he'd say the right, absolutely the right, correct thing.

"Overweight is bad for anyone," he said. "It takes a real friend to encourage another friend to make the sacrifice to lose weight. But it's good and has many compensations in the end."

Van passed the cheese blintzes around again and said he'd have to be going, that it was pleasant talking to all of us.



"Give Lizbeth my best," he said. "Tell her to keep up the good work." Then, "I should lose weight, too," and he grinned that famous Johnson grin as he helped himself to another cheese blintze, "but I don't want to give up eating to do it."

What a perfectly heavenly day!

Darlene was so impressed that she didn't say a word as we walked home in perfect silence. I had a feeling that Van was hovering right over me with wings, he's so shining and so wonderful.

"Thanks, Darlene," I said as I left her at my gate.

"That's okay," she murmured dreamily. Then, "I must confess, Vicky, I wasn't being unselfish. I thought that your knowing Van would get me an introduction. Well, I'm glad that you were with me, anyway."

You see the effect Van had . . . even on Darlene.

Your loving and devoted friend,

Vicky

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FOR STADIUM AND SENSE.

TOUCHDOWN . . . KEEP THE PENNANTS FLYING COME WIND, COME WEATHER, WITH THIS CROSS-THE-FIELD, CROSS-THE-YEAR WINNER — A FOUR-IN-ONE THAT'S AS EASY TO TAKE AS IT IS EASY TO WEAR . . . HERE'S THE LINE-UP:

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YOUR FAVORITE SWEATER: A BEIGE SLIPOVER IN SOFT VIRGIN WOOL WITH A NIPPED-IN WAIST FOR FEMININE FLATTERY AND A SINGLE STRAND OF PEARLS FOR FEMININE FINESSE.

A SUIT, OF COURSE. GLEN PLAID WITH THE NEW PLEATED-ALL-ROUND SKIRT BELTED IN TAN CALF AND CROSSED WITH BRIGHT RED. UNDER A FREE-FARING BOX JACKET WITH A REVERSIBLE LINING OF RED, AND TINKLING RED BUTTONS DOWN THE FRONT.

THE FINAL TOUCH (DOWN). A FLAMING RED BRETON SAILOR SET JAUNTILY BACK ON THE HEAD, MATCHING OFF-THE-SHOULDER BAG, PLUS KNITTED ANGORA MITTENS . . . AND WE'RE OFF TO A FLYING FINISH!

By
ELLEN McMARTIN

MIDGE MUDDLES THRU

When Midge finds out that the editor himself has sent her on a wild-goose chase, it almost breaks her heart, but . . .

MIDGE OLSON drew herself up to her full four feet, ten inches, and faced the editor of the Dover High Times, who scowled back at her over the copy basket.

"Oh—it's you again," he grunted.

"Yes, it's me." Midge tossed her mop of baby curls the color of caramel frosting. "When are you going to give me a chance to try out for the High Times, Ja . . . er . . . Mr. Editor?" She couldn't quite bring herself to call so important a person as Jack Davis by his name.

The editor took off the heavy black-rimmed glasses that made him seem so distant, and Midge was pleasantly surprised. Without the glasses he looked kind of human—even interesting.

But then all her high hopes were shattered when he burst out laughing. "Come back about two years and two inches later, Midget!"

Every time she'd come to the High Times office to ask about getting on the staff, he'd been that way. She guessed he just didn't like freshmen. Her button nose tickled warningly the way it always did when she was going to cry. "But it says on the bulletin board you want new reporters," she said, in a voice almost as small as she.

"Okay, if you really want to try your hand at a story," the senior said, with what Midge thought was a friendly twinkle in his eye, "why don't you buzz out to Maxon Military and interview Don Dexter? They're beginning to film his new picture, *The Cautious Cadet*, on the campus this week. And now, kidlet, amscray."

Jeepers! An assignment at last! And to interview Don Dexter! Don Dexter, the super teen rave! She, Midge Olson, was going to do a story on her very most favorite star! This was the most sensational day of her life!

At precisely three thirty-two, Midge let herself off the bus and started walking up the cinder drive to the gates of the military academy. A cadet guard, almost buried behind his chin strap, paced back and forth in front of the heavy iron gate.

"Halt!"

Midge's heart practically stopped beating.

"What's your business, little girl?"

Why, this place was harder to get into than that army camp where they had gone to see her Uncle Ned get married, way back when the war was on.

"I—I wanted to see—" She couldn't tell him she was a reporter! He'd never let a reporter in. "I want to see—my brother," she improvised on a sudden inspiration. A couple of girls in her class did have brothers going to Maxon.

"What company is he in?"

"Company?" Midge asked blankly. She hadn't thought of that. Then she saw a military-looking figure a few yards distant. "There—there he is!" She ducked under the guard's arm and broke into a run.

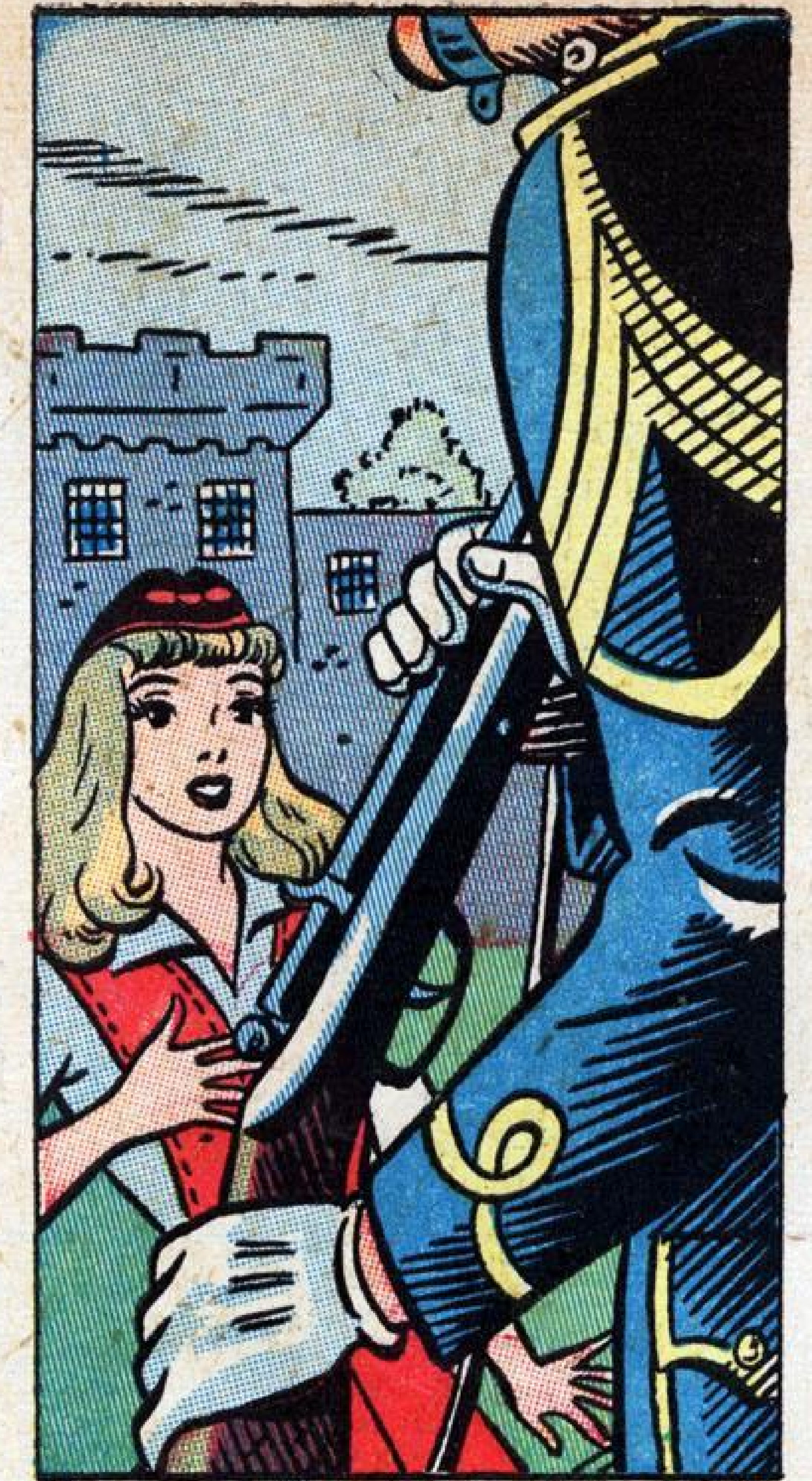
Suddenly Midge stopped short. This wasn't any cadet! It must be one of the instructors. He was wearing an army captain's uniform, she noticed now.

"How you've grown, Midget!" The officer swung her up as if she were about 10, instead of practically 15.

"Midget," he said. He knew her name! She was sunk. Then she realized there was something familiar about that smile. "Why—why, you were Uncle Ned's best man!" she gasped.

"Of course. I've been teaching here at Maxon since the war. You did come to see me, didn't you? Or didn't you?"

"Frankly," admitted Midge, wriggling to get down, "I came to see them shoot the movie. Especially . . ." she paused as if on hallowed ground, ". . . especially Don Dexter. You see, I'm a reporter—"



"HALT!" MIDGE'S HEART PRACTICALLY STOPPED BEATING!

"A reporter, eh?" he grinned. "Well, if you'll be my kid sister the rest of the day, I'll see that you get around. I've been detailed as a sort of liaison officer during this movie shooting. Only you'll have to call me Bill."

"Okay, Bill." This was super! She was just brimming over with luck today. And all the while she kept thinking of the wonderful, enthralling way Jack Davis would smile up at her when she handed in the story. She pictured him in her mind's eye: he *was* good-looking, no matter what the girls said about his glasses. She liked his angularity, the sort of loping walk he had—even his hair that looked as though it grew in chunks.

But back to the job in hand. Captain Brown—Bill, she meant—took her to the parade grounds where they were just finishing shots of marching formations. Then they went to the big gray chapel, and she watched them shooting cadets marching in, cadets kneeling at services and cadets coming out in formation. It was all very thrilling, but when were they going to start shooting Don Dexter? And where *was* Don Dexter?

"I know that boy, the one in the front row," she remarked as they watched a classroom shot. "He looks a little bit like Don Dexter, doesn't he?" She was leading up to asking Bill about that interview with the star.

"So you noticed it? That's why they're using him as a sort of stand-in for Dexter in these long shots. He's Butch Miller, one of our first-class men," Bill explained.

"I know—that's Joan Miller's cousin. Joan sits next to me in algebra," said Midge. Then her eyes widened. "Stand-in? Did you say stand-in? Where's Don Dexter? When are you going to let me see Don Dexter?"

"Won't Butch do just as well? You see, honey," he told her gently, "they didn't bring the star. They're just using the academy for background shots and then they'll fill in with the close-ups at the studio."

"Don Dexter . . . not . . . not . . . here? How will I ever face the *High Times* without my interview?" she moaned. Her little button nose began to tickle. "That mean old Jack Davis! I'll bet he *knew* I wouldn't see any Don Dexter!" She sniffed back a tear.

"Oh, now, it's not that bad," the captain grinned down at her. "Here comes Butch. How about having him round up some of the other fellows from Dover for you to interview instead?"

Midge gulped twice and tried to put on a reportorial manner. She even managed to smile as she talked to Butch and several of his friends who lived in Dover but went to Maxon instead of to High.

Midge shut herself in her room the minute she got home and refused to come out for dinner. She'd never be able to face anybody ever on the High Times now. Her newspaper career was ended. She got out Daddy's old typewriter, the one that wrote the i's slantways, and sat down to write that horrid old Jack Davis a letter. But somehow his horrid-ness got all mixed up in her mind with his cuteness. And she could have screamed for the muddle she was in. But she had to explain somehow.

"Dear Mr. Editor," she began. "I think you know why I failed the 'assignment' you gave me to try out for the High Times, but I'll tell you what happened anyway." Then she wrote an account of the whole afternoon, all about the guard stopping her, and being Captain Brown's "little sister," and watching the shots being made, and talking to Joan Miller's cousin and the other fellows from Dover about what it was like "being in the movies." Finally, exhausted, she stuffed the letter into an envelope and tumbled into bed.

Morning came hatefully soon. She couldn't stand the thought of Dover High today. At least, she thought, slowly going up the walk to the girls' entrance, she hadn't told a soul about it, so it was just between her and Jack Davis. Or was it? It seemed to her as if people in the corridors were looking at her and smiling.

On the way back from her locker, she sneaked down to the empty *High Times* office, tossed the envelope into the top copy basket, and scurried to her home room.

It was a miserable, disgusting day. She wished the study hall teacher would go away and quit standing over her. Then Midge saw the teacher put a slip of paper on her desk. "Pass to the High Times office for you," she said gently, too gently, Midge thought.

Why couldn't that Jack Davis leave her alone and go edit his old paper? Wasn't it enough that he'd had his little laugh? She wouldn't go. She wouldn't!

"Marjorie," the teacher said, in a don't-keep-me-waiting tone of voice.

Midge picked up the pass and stalked out.

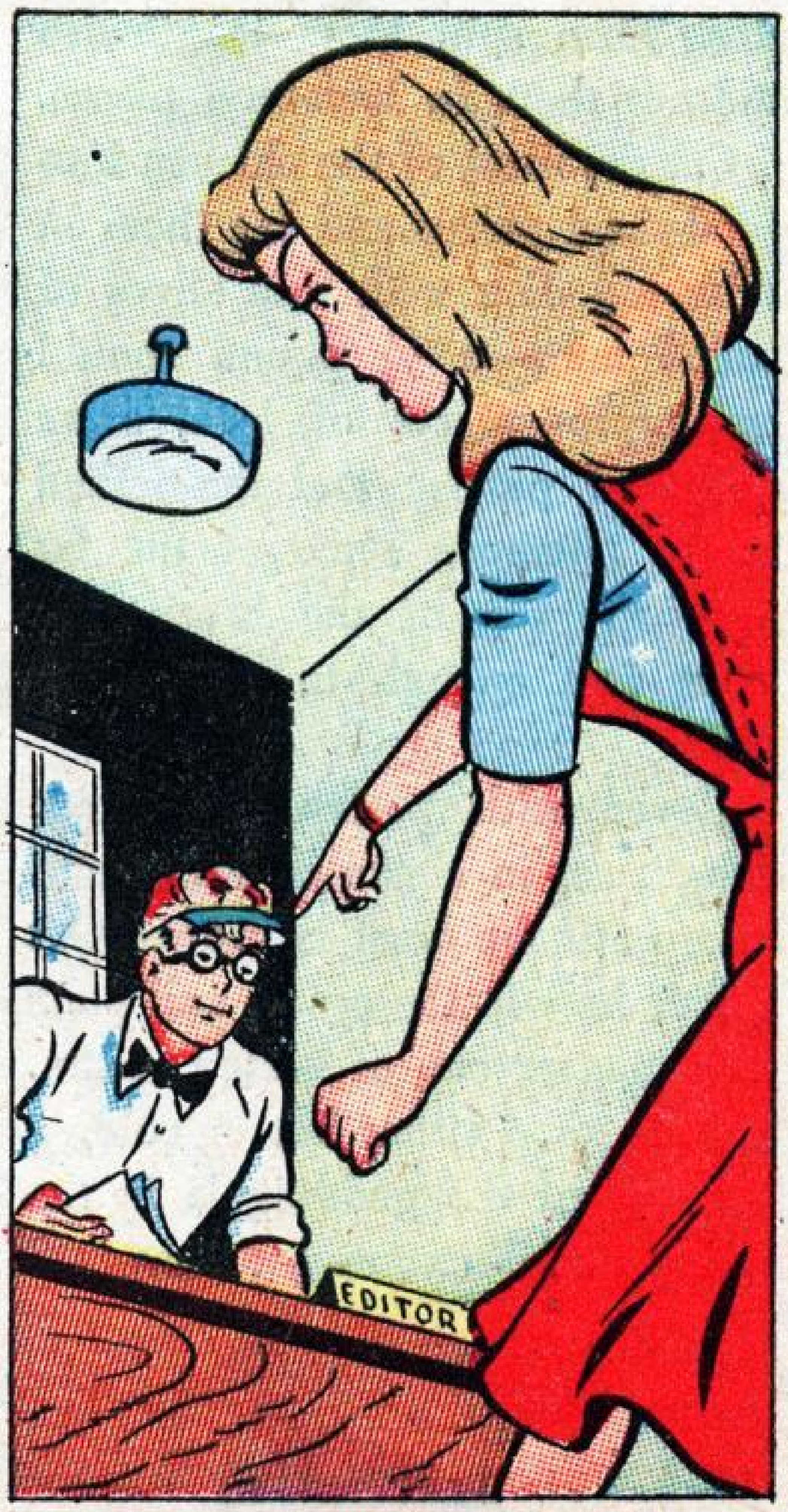
Jack Davis and a couple of his assistant editors were sitting at the copy desk when she opened the door. "Well, well," he laughed, "if it isn't our little Miss Louella Parsons, the second!"

Her nose was tickling again. But that old Jack Davis wasn't going to have the satisfaction of seeing her cry, she vowed, backing out the door.

"Come here, Midget." He got up and started towards her. "I want to show you something."

"You keep away from me, you —you Jack Davis, you!" she exploded. "Haven't you done enough already?"

"Got a temper too, eh?" he chuckled, waving a High Times galley proof at her. "Serves me right for thinking you were as soft as that curly top of yours. Okay, kid, you win." He shoved the proof under her nose.



YOU KEEP AWAY FROM ME, YOU . . . YOU . . . !

Midge looked in spite of herself. There was her letter, minus that first paragraph about why she'd written it, and above it a caption, and another line that said —it couldn't—but it did—"by Midge Olson."

"I don't . . . it isn't . . . I didn't . . ." Midge gave up.

"But you did." It seemed to Midge that his voice had a new ring to it. And the way he looked at her. With the sort of glint that she had dreamed about. Perhaps. . .

Davis spoke up again. "I sent you on an impossible assignment even my best feature writer couldn't get because it didn't exist. And what did you do? You came back with a super duper yarn— you even named names, Dover names the gang'll recognize."

Only in the vaguest sort of way did Midge comprehend what he was talking about. "C'n I go now?" she asked. "I've got Latin to do."

"Better look at the reporters' assignment board for next week first." His smile included her as one of the gang. And, in what seemed an afterthought, he added, "There's a great show at the Strand tonight! How's about keeping me company, Midge?"

Midge didn't *walk* back to study hall—she *soared*. Not only was she a member of the *High Times* staff, but there was the prospect of a romance with the editor ahead Yes, Midge had certainly muddled through!

THE END

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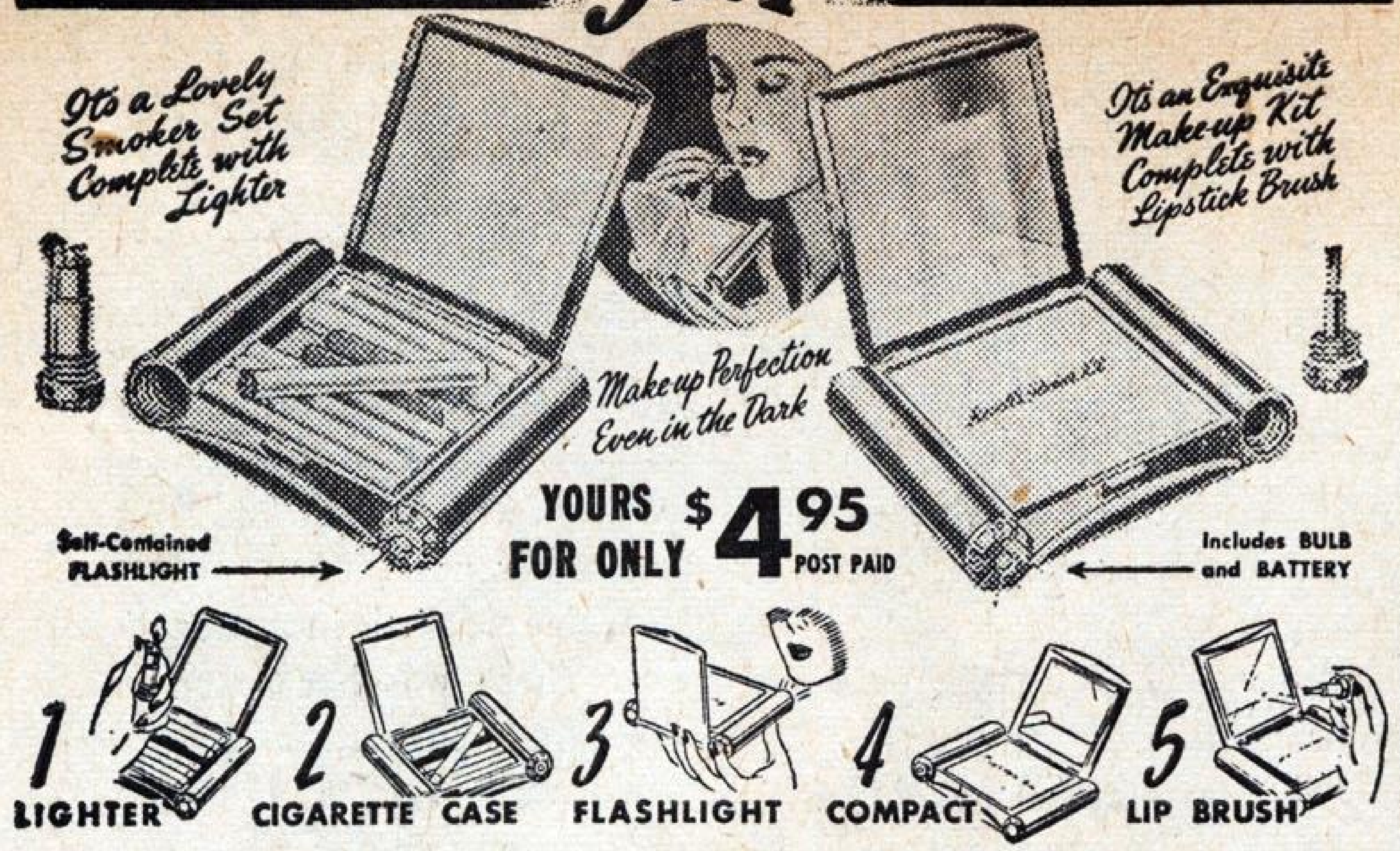
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FOOD FOR FUN

CHICKEN CLASSIC . . .

Here's one time you can count your chickens before they hatch. For there's no doubt about the results with this CHICKEN PIE.

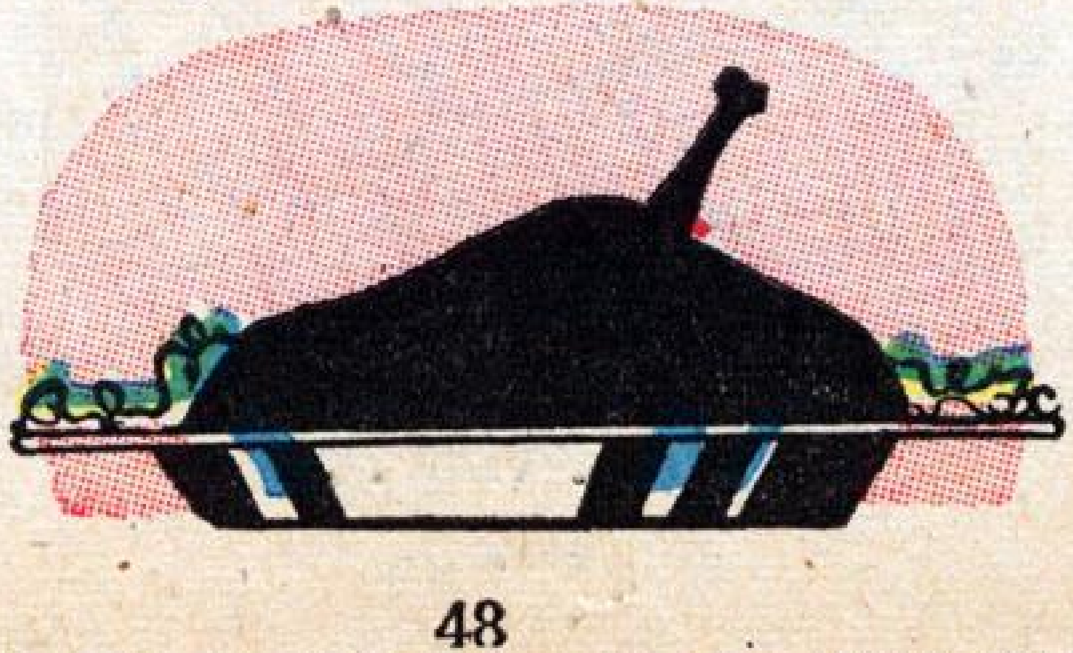
Stew a good-sized fowl in water—about ½ cup per pound is a good proportion—with salt, pepper, celery salt, a bay leaf and a small minced onion. Pour off the broth and let the chicken and broth stand until the latter has jelled.

Cut the tops off 6 or 8 young leeks, leaving about an inch or so of green on top of the bulb, and parboil them for just a few minutes. Then split them lengthwise and cut them in inch-long pieces.

Cut the meat of the chicken into good-sized pieces and lay them in a baking dish with thin slices of boiled ham—a ¼ pound should be ample—pieces of leek, some sprigs of parsley and the jellied broth. (Remove some of the fat from the top of the broth, but leave just enough to enrich the pie.)

Cover with pastry or biscuit dough, set in a pan of water and bake until the crust is brown. Cut a little hole in the center and pour in a quarter cup of heated cream. This is good either hot or cold.

Proof of the pudding is in the eating . . . Yummm, yummm

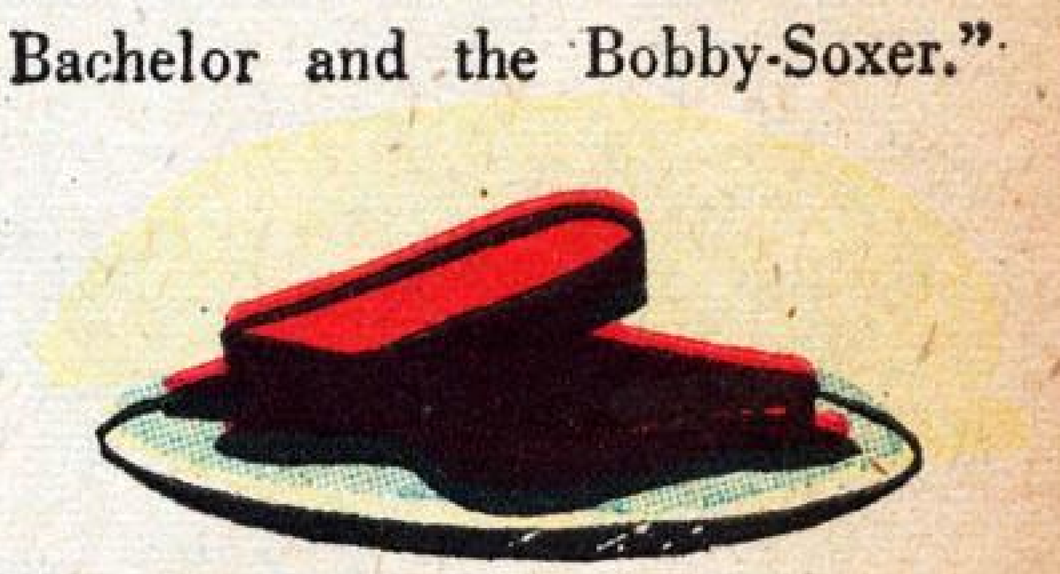


SHIRLEY AND THE SHEPHERD . . .

Teen-age Shirley Temple is a matron now—and quite a domestic one. Shirley, who usually cooks dinner at home for husband John Agar, works on a budget, too. And she offers this tip for making leftovers work. It's called Shepherd's Pie.

Take the left-over leg of lamb—cut off the meat and cube it. (These proportions call for 2 cups of the cubed lamb.) Saute 2 thin slices of onion, minced in 1 tablespoon of butter. Add ¾ of a tablespoon of flour and cook over a very low heat for 3 minutes. Pour in 1 cup of broth mixed with any left-over lamb gravy. Add the lamb, salt and pepper and a teaspoon of chopped parsley. Place the mixture in a casserole. Top with 3 cups of mashed potatoes and heat in oven until potatoes brown slightly.

It's easy to make and delicious to eat, says Shirley who currently can be seen in RKO Radio's "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer."



TOAST TREAT . . .

Start Sunday morning off right with this luxury from France . . . FRENCH TOAST. Here's how:

FOOD FOR FUN

Beat up an egg in about 2/3 of a cup of milk and a pinch of salt. Now add a teaspoon of sugar, ½ teaspoon lemon juice and a dash of vanilla. Cut bread slices with the crusts off, in this mixture and saute them in sizzling hot frying fat to a golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper and serve with cream or sirup.

One taste will show you why they say "50 million Frenchmen can't be wrong!"

TURKEY TIME . . .

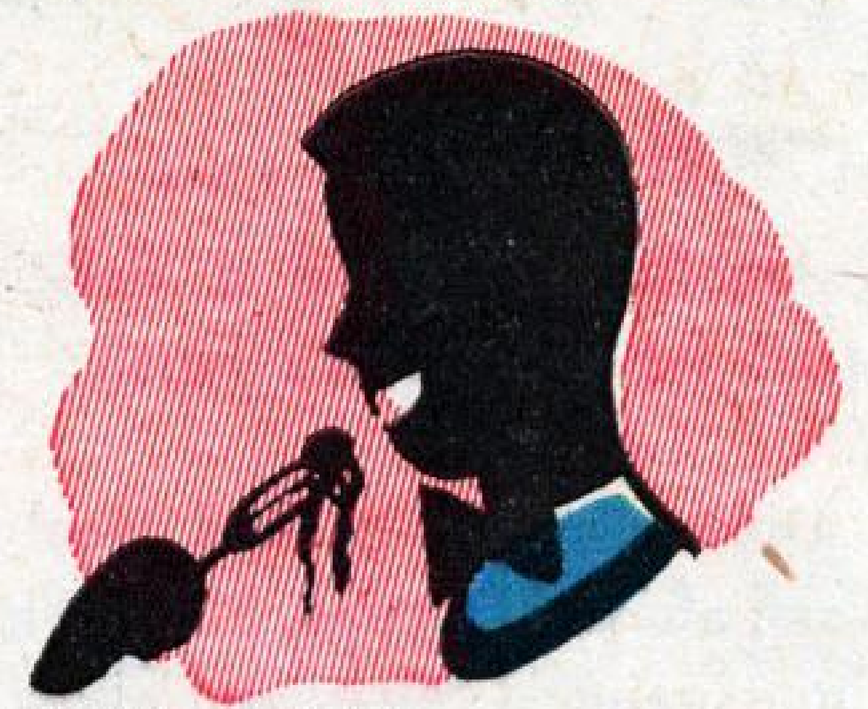
Want to surprise mom with a prize package made of left-over turkey? Just put the leavings up in casserole. Here's how:

Dredge the serving-size pieces well with flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Melt ¼ pound of fat in a large pan and brown the pieces of turkey a few at a time in this, turning to brown both sides. Now, put the pieces in a casserole and add ½ pound or so of bacon, cut in julienne strips, and ½ cup chopped spring onions.

Add a pint of broth which you have made by simmering the giblets and the neck, or any other part of the uncooked turkey, in water. Chop up the giblets and add them to the casserole. Put the lid on and let the casserole simmer in the oven at about 325 degrees until the turkey is tender—probably from an hour and a half to an hour and three-quarters. Check for seasoning and serve from the casserole.

Crusty cornbread is good with this, or steamed or wild rice.

See if it doesn't make a tired holiday-season Mother perk up!



SPINACH SENSE . . .

So you're an anti-spinacher, too! Well here's a way out that's pleasant and palateable. A SPINACH SALAD that will make the vitamins go down like candy . . . Well, almost . . .

Take all stems from raw spinach and pick out the best, tenderest leaves. Wash these very well in cold water. You might add a teaspoon of baking soda to the water to help remove all dirt and grit. Drain the spinach well and cut in strips—about one inch wide. Season with a little olive oil and lemon juice and set to chill. When ready to serve, add chopped hard-cooked eggs and garnish with tomatoes and asparagus. Serve with this dressing:

Mix 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce and ½ cup catsup in a bowl that has been rubbed with garlic. Work to a smooth paste. Then add, a little at a time, 1 pint olive oil, alternating with ½ cup vinegar. Beat in an electric mixer to a thick dressing, adding 2/3 cup warm water slowly. Keep in a cool place until ready to use.

Try it. Take our word, there'll be no more nose-holding.

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HERE'S HOW! "Like thousands of others, your skin may be soft, smooth, loveable with a Skin Doctor's prescription, the *double Viderm Treatment.* Consisting of 2 formulas, the first, Viderm Skin Cleanser, penetrates and acts as an antiseptic on your pores. The second, Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream, leaves an almost invisible protective covering on your skin. Both work gently, thoroughly, bringing undreamed of beauty to you! Use the double Viderm treatment daily until your skin is smoother and clearer . . . then only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks. This helps prevent blackheads as well as externally caused skin miseries and pimples."

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 240, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment must work for *you*, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

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FOOD FOR FUN

LUNCH LUXURY . . .

Ambitious? Want a delicious salad for tomorrow's lunch? Try this.

Dice enough cooked veal to make about 1½ cups. Mix with ¾ cup of minced celery and about ¼ cup or a little more of chopped green pepper. Let this combination marinate in 1 or 2 tablespoons of French dressing in the icebox until thoroughly chilled.

Drain and season to taste with salt, pepper and cayenne. Mix with mayonnaise, to which chopped chives have been added, and spread with lettuce between whole wheat bread.

It takes a little time—but your taste will say it's well worth it

CRAB GAB . .

You want to impress that uncle who's finicky . . . or that boyfriend who just won't warm up? Try the good old way to the heart with a Gumbo dish that's "Ya-Ya".

Buy 12 fresh hard-shelled crabs. Boil them and clean them. Cut the bodies into 4 pieces and take the meat out of the claws.

Heat ¼ pound salt pork in a large frying pan until the fat is decreased. Add 2 large chopped onions and 2 minced cloves of garlic. Fry until tender, but don't let them brown. Now add 1 large can of tomatoes, a quart of water and a pound of fresh okra, sliced thin. Season with a bay leaf, a couple of whole peppercorns and a bit of cayenne. Add the crab meat and simmer over low heat for 2 hours. And you'll have a Jumbo Gumbo that's fun, Bo!

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Marie Hammel, New York, N. Y., says: "I used to wear a size 20 dress, now I wear size 14, thanks to the Spot Reducer. It was fun and I enjoyed it."

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6-48

ADVICE TO MIS[illegible]S FOR

BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves And it really can be yours—take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an anti-septic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too *— in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't*. Use it for only **ten days.** You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a **clear,** smooth complexion may come **true** in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 257 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!— **the treatment must work for *you*, or it doesn't cost you a cent.**

(*Advertisement*)